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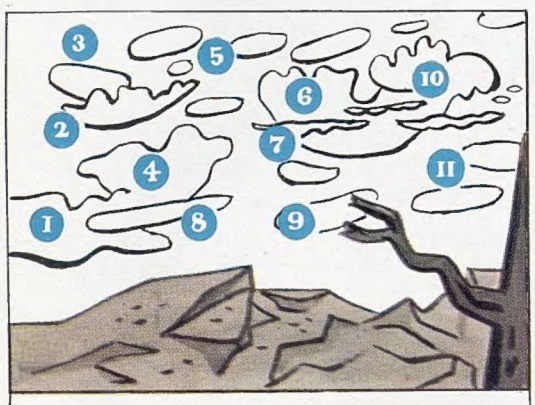
Nature Watching in SCHWEPPSHIRE



The commoner types are easily distinguishable as (1) The Semi-spatulate, (2) The Hobno-cirrhosus, (3) The Flatto-tyro, (4, 6) Two straight Nimbuses, (5) The Triple Cumulator, (7) Something else, (8, 9) The Shepherd's Warning, (10) The Long Day Closes, (11) The Fuzzy Blob.

NO. 1 CLOUDS. A false impression has grown up that there is something unnatural about Schweppshire. But the fact is that Nature in Schweppshire is a top must, is actively encouraged in various Groups, in numerous Societies, and at least one registered Union.

For example, ever since the creation of Federated Out-of-doors, no Schweppsman ever dreams of simply going for walks; indeed most people now rather dislike them. On the other hand even a stroll by fading evening light, when the colours are too faint to find a place on our numbered colour chart for tint spotting, can be made quite gay and perfectly worth-while provided there is an expert to point out, for instance, that clouds are not only vaporized coefficients of ratio-humidity, but are just as much things on a list as everything else, if not more so. We want you to use your eyes for yourselves: our job is simply to tell you what to look at.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

Volume CCXL No. 3118

The SPHERE, London, March 5, 1960

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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THE ENGAGEMENT OF PRINCESS MARGARET—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AND HER FIANCE, MR. ANTONY ARMSTRONG-JONES: They are at Royal Lodge, Windsor, after the announcement of their engagement on Friday of last week. Both are aged twenty-nine. Mr. Armstrong-Jones, who has been a professional photographer, is staying at Buckingham Palace at the invitation of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, where he can be in touch with all the people making arrangements for the wedding.

The unexpected announcement of the forthcoming marriage between Princess Margaret, fourth in line of succession to the Throne, and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, the son of Mr. R. O. L. Armstrong-Jones, Q.C., and the Countess of Rosse, has been received with much enthusiasm. The official announcement from Clarence House stated that the Queen had gladly given her consent to the betrothal, and a report from the Palace said that Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh were "delighted." Messages of congratulation and good wishes were soon being received in London and at Royal Lodge, Windsor, where the newly-engaged couple were spending the week-end with the Queen Mother. On Saturday they posed for the first photographs together, and on Sunday both went to church twice during the morning, on the second occasion they were joined by the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Anne and Princess Andrew of Greece, who were staying at Windsor Castle. No date or place had so far been announced for the marriage. Last Saturday it was reported that the Prime Minister, after consultation with the Cabinet, had advised that the Queen's consent to the marriage should be signified under the Great Seal and declared in Council. (Further pictures are on pages 342-343.)

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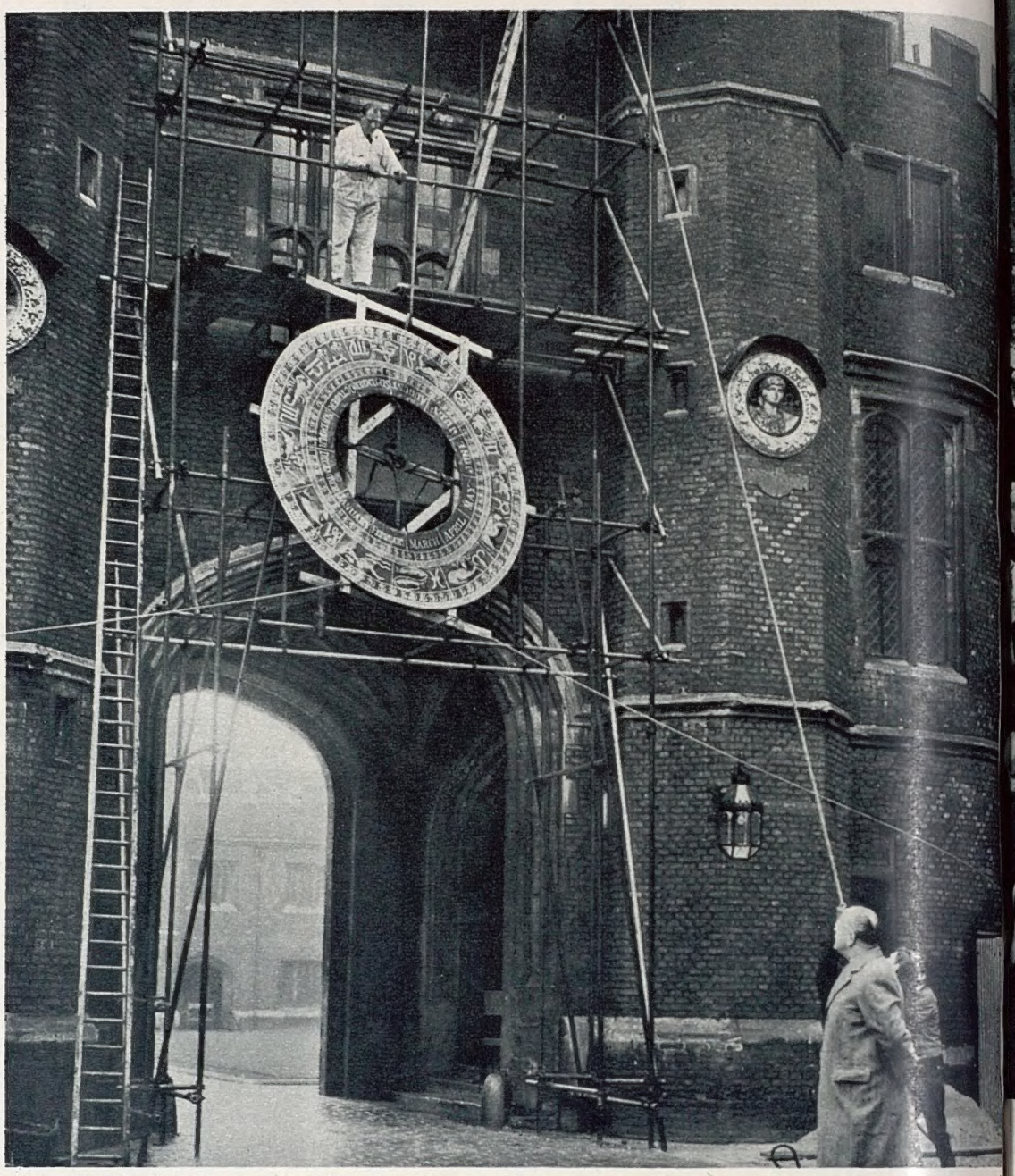
13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

A London Newslette



BACK FROM RENOVATION: The dial of the Hampton Court Palace astronomical clock, which had been away for several months for renovation and repainting, is hoisted into position on the inner side of Anne Boleyn's Gateway. The clock was made for Henry VIII, who in 1529 took over the Palace which Cardinal Wolsey had begun to build in 1514.

Did You Know?—Looking back on the public and Press reactions to the arrival of the first Royal child to be " born in the purple " since 1857, there is no doubt at all that it was a very happy event and so recognised and celebrated all over the Commonwealth and beyond. The birth of a child to the humblest citizen is a happy event to a small circle. The Queen is not only our Queen and the most popular of all Queens, but a subject of world-wide admiration and affection which owes little to pomp and circumstance but is due to the character, charm and virtues she has continually revealed and developed from early childhood. Naturally, then, the event produced tears of joy from the sentimental and all sorts of sincerest praise and stately clichés in the " leaders " of sober journals. I was amused to read both in *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* for our information that the new Prince becomes second in line of succession to the Throne, displacing Princess Anne. We know so many intimate details about our Royal Family nowadays, their nurses, governesses, tutors, tastes in furnishings, dogs and colours, and so on, that I can hardly believe that many of us learned something new from this information about the succession to the Throne. If some of us did so, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, or of our teachers. For the rest, how pleasantly, happily and with what nice manners we all behaved when this happy event occurred. Let us take it as a model in all future sensational occurrences. Let us all resolve to adopt " born in the purple " manners, as from February 19, 1960.

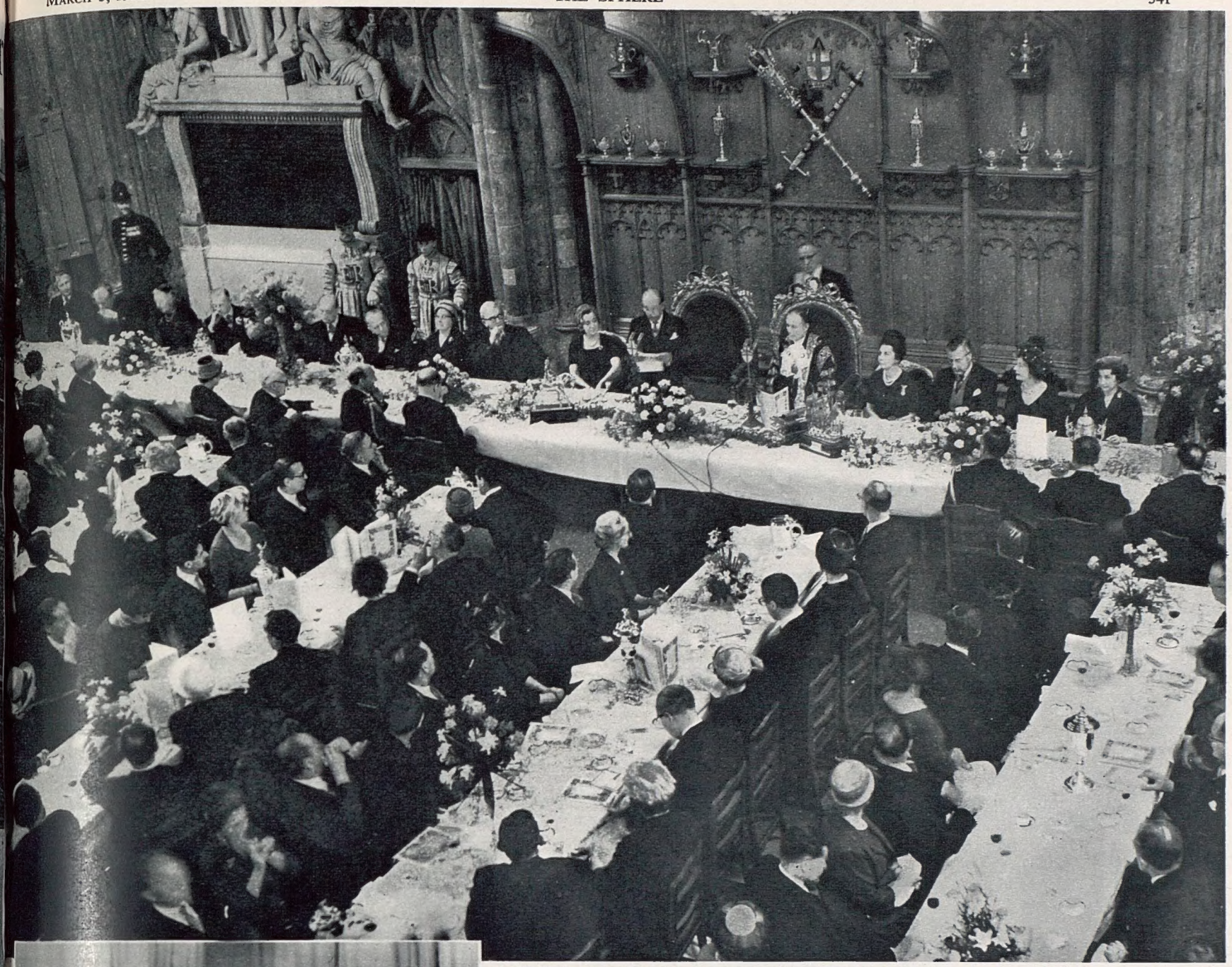
Fifty Years On—It is perhaps worth while relating one single instance of how widespread is this interest in our Royal house. We employ a middle-aged Austrian spinster who has acquired some knowledge of English and I suppose can read English about as easily as I read French. She came to us five months ago. In that time she has read every Royal biography on my shelves, studying their genealogies and charts, and quite certainly she could pass a very searching and stiff examination on my own and Nicolson's *George V*, on Wheeler-Bennett's *George VI* and on Pope-Hennessy's *Queen Mary*, not to speak of a dozen collaterals. If I wanted information about these subjects, I could confidently expect accuracy from her. From February 12 onwards until the 19th, the wireless in her room was full on from dawn to midnight. She was utterly determined to be " first with the news "; and meals in consequence were late and scrappy. Soon after 3.30 on the 19th, she, who seldom ventures out of doors, burst into the garden, tears of joy streaming down her face, and *fortissimo* sobbed out (as she broke into a clumsy sort of fandango): " A prinz, a dear little *baby* prinz ! " We are not yet back to normal in the kitchen. From this touching incident, I conclude that monarchy on the British constitutional model is to-day far more popular than it was in 1918 all over Europe and that there is nothing far-fetched in the long view in the decision to establish a double-barrelled " surname " for collaterals of our own Royal house half a century ahead, on the model of the German princely houses which King George V anathematised in 1914, where necessary translating German place-names into English; and with which Mr. Pope-Hennessy made lighthearted play in his *Queen Mary*. I recall that it was in 1891 that Prince George resented the jokes made by *Punch* about the double title to be bestowed on his brother, and begged his " Mother-dear " to prevent it: " The poor boy seems doomed to have two names." It is, of course, possible that fifty years hence, when space travel is customary, we may all require surnames like car numbers, indicating first the planet on which we live, such as Earth Smith, Moon Smith and Mars Smith. But fifty years hence lie beyond our ken, and the decision was pleasing to more than the Battenberg-Mountbatten family and a bishop. Fashions die and revive.

Bang Went Saxpence—I often wonder why the economic and financial experts take the trouble to tell the Chancellor what he must do with his next Budget *before* the Services and Civil Estimates are made public. Until they are published, his advisers are largely in the dark as to the Government expenditure he must meet for the current year. Where, now, are those confident assurances that Mr. Amory can and must take another shilling off income-tax, raise the line of liability to surtax, separate the incomes of spouses, and abolish Schedule A, more purchase taxes, and what-not ? The Navy Estimates were never higher. A nice new " warning instrument " alone will cost £43,000,000. The Air and Army Estimates have soared. In Civil Estimates, Education, Roads, Health Services and National Assistance are all more rapacious Oliver Twists, and the taxpayers will be lucky if they are not called on to find even more from taxation to cover Government expenditure. It is at least difficult to believe that in April Mr. Amory can assume the role of Sugar Daddy, or indeed do more than make the usual promise that, if things go on going well, he may have good news for us in 1961. I am quite sure, at least, that sixpence went bang when those Estimates were made known; and I, for one, am getting rather too old to gain comfort from the customary " distant prospect " of better times for taxpayers. Moreover, I am one of those doubters who question the likelihood of a continuous upward surge of prosperity without a check or two; I *am* a firm believer in the upward surge of pay-packets and public expenditure without any check.

" Something Here, Hastings, I Do Not Understand"—No doubt the Chancellor has extracted more from us in income tax and estate duty than his wildest hopes anticipated a year ago, but all the same we may have to be content with little in the way of relief this April, and perhaps we may come to count it as a signal blessing if he sees his way at least to modify the savage penalties which the Inland Revenue can still *legally* enforce under the Act of 1953, penalties still rooted in an epoch when income tax was a matter of pennies in the £ and a maximum penalty was no more than a rap on the knuckles. To-day such a penalty, if enforced, is a blow with a bludgeon on the head, and the taxpayer who does not pay an expert to interpret for him the complex details of submitting returns is almost certain to cheat himself or the State. If I were to assume the role of Poirot, the all-knowing, I should admit to Hastings my failure to understand the Inland Revenue's act of grace to Mr. Hinchy. It seems that the Law well knows that it is an ass, and provides itself with a loophole to make itself appear less asinine. It says in effect to the Hinchys: " If you make a mistake of a pound or two in your returns, you will be hanged by the neck until you die, but if your case should arouse growls from the public, we shan't hang you but discharge you on payment of a small fine." This is as puzzling to me in the role of Poirot as is the reason why West Germany needed military bases in Spain or why it is that in whatever part of south-west England I happen to be staying, that region is one about which the weather wizards are totally unable to forecast weather conditions.

Suez and the United Nations—Civilisation possesses two safeguards against war—the United Nations, which endeavours to keep the peace, and the atomic deterrent, which discourages war. Both are expensive, but the latter, by far the more expensive, is also the more effective. For the U.N.'s successes are mainly achieved in " any other business " items which evoke no international rivalry and call for no courage. The U.N., indeed, is rather like a General Purposes Committee which keeps its members and opens their mouths for formal domestic business up to luncheon-time and leaves all knotty problems to be dealt with by its Secretary, relying on his industry, tact and adroitness; a peripatetic assignment and very personal. The freedom of the Suez Canal, for instance, is a case in point. Sir Anthony Eden (and others) thought it important, and Nasser has once or twice asserted it in principle, but with reservations. He certainly made a reservation recently when he pledged that no Israeli ships or goods would in any way pass through the Canal. He based his reservation on the fact that the United Arab Republic was still at war with Israel. This fact the U.N. Security Council, greatly daring, rejected nine years ago, and has never withdrawn from that position. So that Nasser's actions are in clear breach of the U.N., which nobody denies. The Secretary, and no doubt the U.N., saw the embarrassment caused by Nasser's actions in flouting the U.N. when it suited him, and the devoted Secretary flew off last year to arrange a formula, whereby the ships carrying cargoes to or from Israel would not technically be Israeli property during the passage; nor, indeed, would the cargoes. This formula was reluctantly accepted by Israel; Nasser's view of it was shown in the *Astypalea* hold-up last December; and Nasser's latest pledge of continual blockade of Israeli trade reaffirms that view. So that Israelis (and others) may well regard the devoted Secretary's individual efforts to save his Council's face as (in Saki's phrase) " rather like a cow buzzing round a gadfly and thinking it is teasing it." The cow is horn-less; the gadfly can use its sting, and does. The cow looks rather foolish; and the armaments race goes on.

Oxford Chancellor—To Oxford men, the Chancellorship of the University is a very important post. To all, it is a post of great distinction. I admit surprise that Mr. Macmillan accepted nomination as a candidate and I did not think he would have done so, without a firm



A LUNCHEON IN HONOUR OF THE PERUVIAN PRESIDENT IN GUILDHALL: Dr. Manuel Prado, during his goodwill visit to Britain, speaks at the luncheon given by the Corporation of London. On his right is Lady Stockdale, and on his left Sir Edmund Stockdale, the Lord Mayor; Señora Prado, and Sir David Eccles. Sir Edmund presented the President with an antique silver-gilt rose-water dish as a memento of the visit.

AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: With their host, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Dr. Prado and his wife stand in their box at Covent Garden. They attended a special performance given by the Royal Ballet. The Queen Mother was to have entertained the Peruvian President at Covent Garden, but was unable to because of family mourning for Lady Mountbatten. One of Dr. Prado's party was his daughter.

belief that sufficient support in the University will ensure his victory over Sir Oliver Franks. The post certainly seems more suitable for a retired statesman than for a Premier in office who is bound to avoid the charge of partiality or special activity on behalf of one particular cause over others. Moreover, the defeat of the Premier in a contest for a distinguished post, not by any means to-day wholly ornamental, is not a risk which should be run without calculation. But the Chancellorship is a plum at the top of the tree for all Oxford men who have the desire and ability to collect plums, and I thought it likely that, before the election, the way would be smoothed for Mr. Macmillan to attain the plum without risking a tumble. I doubted whether Sir Oliver Franks would be anxious to defeat or to be defeated by Mr. Macmillan, and I think, too, that there has been rather too much publicity given to election partisanship, though that is no new thing at Oxford on such an occasion. It seems, however, that Sir Oliver is not to withdraw, and a keen and partisan contest is therefore likely to follow on the lines of the Curzon-Rosebery contest.

Cup-ties and Commerce—Two weeks ago in Parliament Mr. Marples boldly upheld for himself, and for the Government, what one might call to-day a novel and revolutionary principle: that the needs of commerce and industry must come before the people's recreation. Certainly we hear more about bread and circuses than about industry these days, what with football news, shorter hours, playing fields and the "dreadful scandal" of lack of facilities for training our candidates for international medals in every sport. What we do hear or read about industry more usually concerns industries *idle* through strikes. Accordingly, Mr. Marples' sombre assertion must have struck a majority of the nation as puritanical and old-fashioned, or those with short memories as recklessly revolutionary. Mrs. Castle questioned the Transport Minister about the cancellation of "cup-tie" special trains and asked whether the British Transport Commission had not defaulted on a statutory obligation. Mr. Marples replied that he could not accept that there had been any such default, and went on: "The regular services for passengers, agriculture, commerce and industry must come first." What he called "speculative and occasional operations" must take second place.

Lady Mountbatten—Convincing tributes to the late Lady Mountbatten's kindness of heart and ceaseless labours in welfare work, especially in the causes of nursing and young people, came from all over the world and need no confirmation from one who did not know her. The fortune she inherited from her grandfather, Sir Ernest Cassel, the friend and financial adviser of Edward VII, was enormous. He left £7,500,000. After estate taxation of £2,500,000 and other bequests, Lady Mountbatten and her sister benefited by a trust of the bulk of the residue. Of this trust income Lady Mountbatten, then Miss Edwina Ashley, received the larger share. What is astonishing, if accurately reported, is the fact that up to 1939, the income from all sources of Lord and Lady Mountbatten was £113,000 a year. Ten years later, high taxation had reduced that income to £4,500 per annum. Various adjustments, including Socialist legislation, eased for her this extraordinary vanishing-trick in inherited wealth. She also inherited the big and valuable estate of Broadlands on her father, Lord Mount Temple's death in 1939. It was once the home of Lord Palmerston, and stands on the banks of the Test at Romsey. What effect estate duty will have on what remains of the Cassel millions and on the Broadlands estate will be known only when it is known what measures may have been taken recently to reduce the heaviest incidence of death duties.

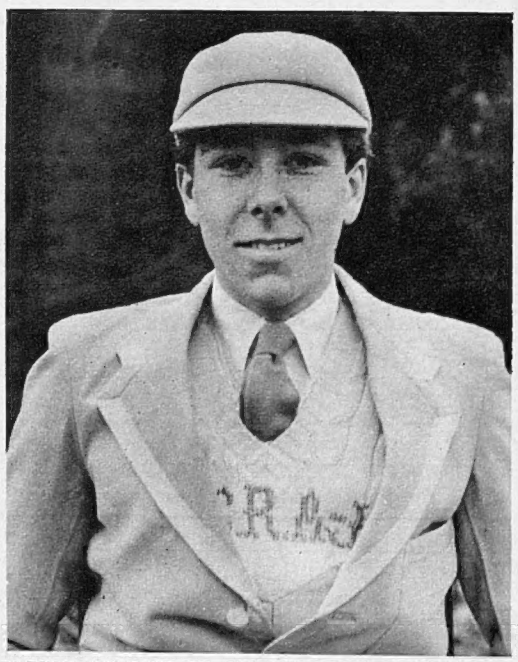
Blitzed—I suppose there are still in Britain areas larger than a small public or private garden which look tidy and finished. I doubt if there are in towns and cities. London has had a long time in which to tidy up the Blitz, but London, whenever I visit it, looks as blitzed as ever. Progress, of course, must ever continue, the new replace the old, wider roads and tunnels and bridges assist the flow of traffic. But it is many years since I saw London look otherwise than as a cross between a dentist's nightmare and a war photograph of Beaumont-Hamel. True, there are open spaces in towns and in the country which are tidied up by a paid staff and there are even reaches of the New Forest or Dartmoor which, for a month or two in winter, after the kindly action of rain and snow, lose their more usual appearance of a Corporation litter dump or the results of an explosion in a paper factory. Our road engineers and house-builders employ paid staffs, but tidyness is not their job and it seems to me they can, and do, turn the area of their job into a devastation as fearful and futile as that which results from a bombardment in war. Looking ahead at the programmes of improvement by Government and private enterprise already announced, I cannot see a city or a village, a stretch of country road, an open space or a sandy beach which will be "all right on the day" when the holidays come, the "season" begins and the tourists arrive. I don't know about the overseas tourists, but the inhabitants of Britain are all in it to a man, expert wreckers and despoilers. I think they would be uncomfortable in tidy surroundings, as they are in quiet and peaceful surroundings. Noise and litter are more companionable.

THE OLD STAGER

THE PRINCESS AND HER FIANCE

ON THE DAY AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THEIR FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE: The Princess and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones are at Royal Lodge, Windsor, reading some of the many messages of congratulation sent to them. The engagement-ring has a ruby set in gold and surrounded by diamonds in the shape of a flower. According to the Queen Mother's Press Secretary, the Princess and her fiancé first met at an evening party in London two years ago.

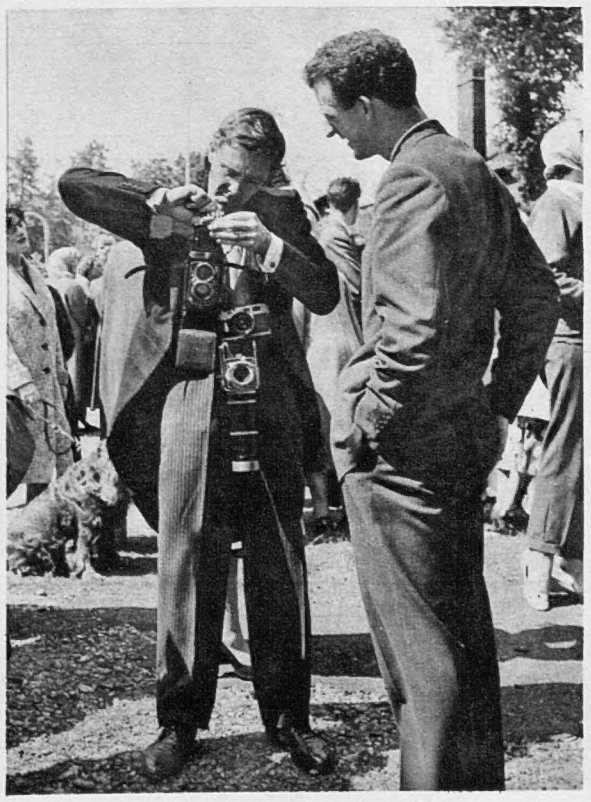
IN LONDON BEFORE THE NEWS WAS GIVEN: Princess Margaret attends the reopening of part of the bomb-damaged church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside.



DURING HIS DAYS AT CAMBRIDGE: In 1950 Antony Armstrong-Jones was the cox of the victorious Cambridge crew in the University Boat Race.

AT A LONDON PARTY: Dancing in bare feet, Mr. Armstrong-Jones wore a false nose to complete his picaresque costume when he attended a fancy-dress party as a character from "The Beggar's Opera."

THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND HIS STUDIO: No. 20, Pimlico Road, S.W., was used as a studio and home by Mr. Armstrong-Jones during his days as a professional photographer. *On right*—He is seen adjusting one of his cameras during a wedding reception. Last Saturday it was reported that he was doing no more professional photographic work.



IN THE GROUNDS OF ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR: The Queen Mother joins her daughter and future son-in-law for one of the first official photographs to be taken after the publication of the Court Circular which contained the Queen Mother's announcement of the betrothal. The first appearance together in public of the newly-engaged couple was expected last Tuesday when they were to accompany the Queen Mother to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, for a gala performance in aid of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund. Mr. Armstrong-Jones, who will be thirty on Monday, March 7, was educated at Sandroyd School, near Salisbury; Eton, and Jesus College, Cambridge. Since 1956, when he took official portraits of the Duke of Kent, he has photographed several of the Royal Family. Mr. Armstrong-Jones has one sister, Lady de Vesci; on his mother's side he has two half-brothers. His father was High-Sheriff of Caernarvonshire in 1936.

MR. EISENHOWER'S ARRIVAL IN RIO DE JANEIRO: The American President spreads his arms wide to acknowledge the snowstorm of torn paper, confetti and streamers greeting him as he rides through Rio's main business street, accompanied by the Brazilian President, Dr. Kubitschek.

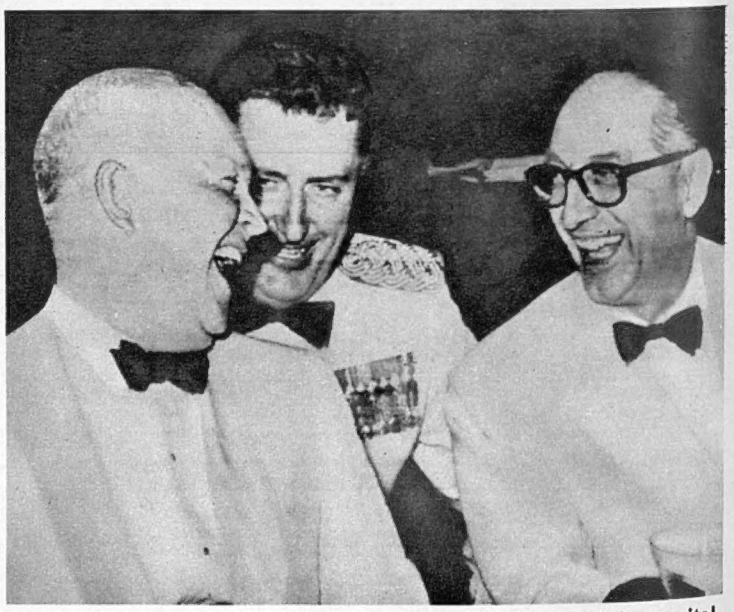
IN SOUTH AMERICA

President Eisenhower on His Goodwill Tour

Mr. Eisenhower, with Mr. Herter and a large group of advisers, started on his tour of Latin America last week, arriving first at Puerto Rico. He left for Brasília, the future capital of Brazil, the next day, where he was greeted by President Kubitschek. (The Brazilian Government is to be formally installed in this new city on April 26.) In contrast to the enthusiastic welcome President Eisenhower received in the major Brazilian cities, his arrival in Buenos Aires, the Argentine capital, was heralded by a series of bomb explosions. Although the day had been declared a public holiday, the majority of citizens did not go to line the streets to cheer. The American President's tour followed a period during which the American State Department has been reappraising its Latin American policy in the light of the violence which accompanied Mr. Nixon's visit two years ago and the present difficult relations with Dr. Castro's Cuba.

WAVING TO THE CROWDS: President Eisenhower and President Kubitschek, seated on the back of the car, wave as they are driven through Rio de Janeiro. Mr. Eisenhower's tour of South American countries included State visits to Puerto Rico, Brazil, Argentina, Chile and Uruguay.

ADDRESSING THE BRAZILIAN CONGRESS: Mr. Eisenhower stands in front of the microphones after his major speech in Rio de Janeiro, as Señor Joao Goulart (centre), the Brazilian Vice-President, and Señor Mazilli, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, lead the applause.



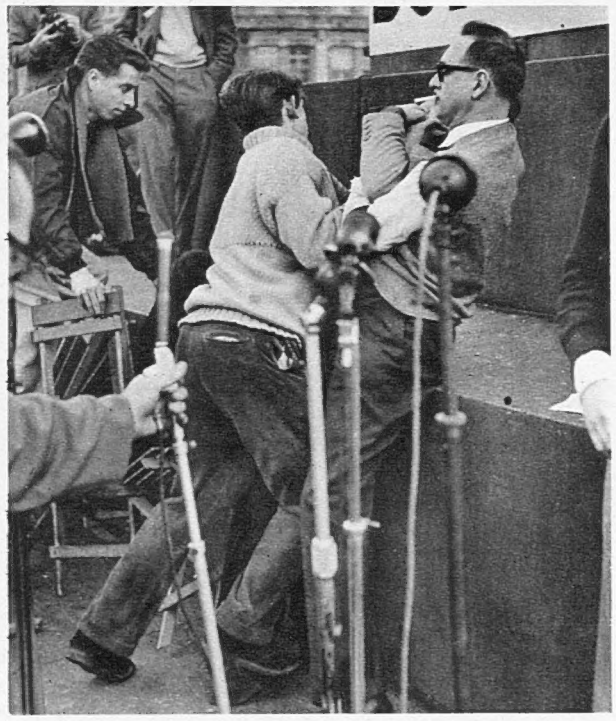
IN BUENOS AIRES: At a dinner in his honour in the Argentinian capital, Mr. Eisenhower laughs heartily with President Frondizi. Between them is Colonel Walters, the U.S. President's chief interpreter on the tour.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

SUNDAY VIOLENCE IN LONDON: Sir Oswald Mosley, wearing a light-coloured raincoat, leads his supporters along the Strand towards Trafalgar Square. There, an anti-Apartheid rally was in progress and fighting broke out between the two groups.

THE ANTI-APARTHEID RALLY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: Mr. Gaitskell addresses the large crowd in London last Sunday. The meeting, which was held to launch the month's boycott of South African goods in this country, was preceded by a march of 2,000 people from Marble Arch. The crowd numbered approximately 6,000 and other speakers were Father Trevor Huddleston, Lord Altrincham, and Jeremy Thorpe, M.P. The real trouble began at the end of the rally when Sir Oswald Mosley's supporters withdrew from the main crowd and marched in a group down Whitehall. They were followed by people from the rally and, despite the efforts of police, fighting took place. There were nine arrests.

POLICE ACTION: A demonstrator, who had created a disturbance, is carried away by policemen. The scenes in the West End last Sunday were described as among the most violent and noisy witnessed in London for many years.

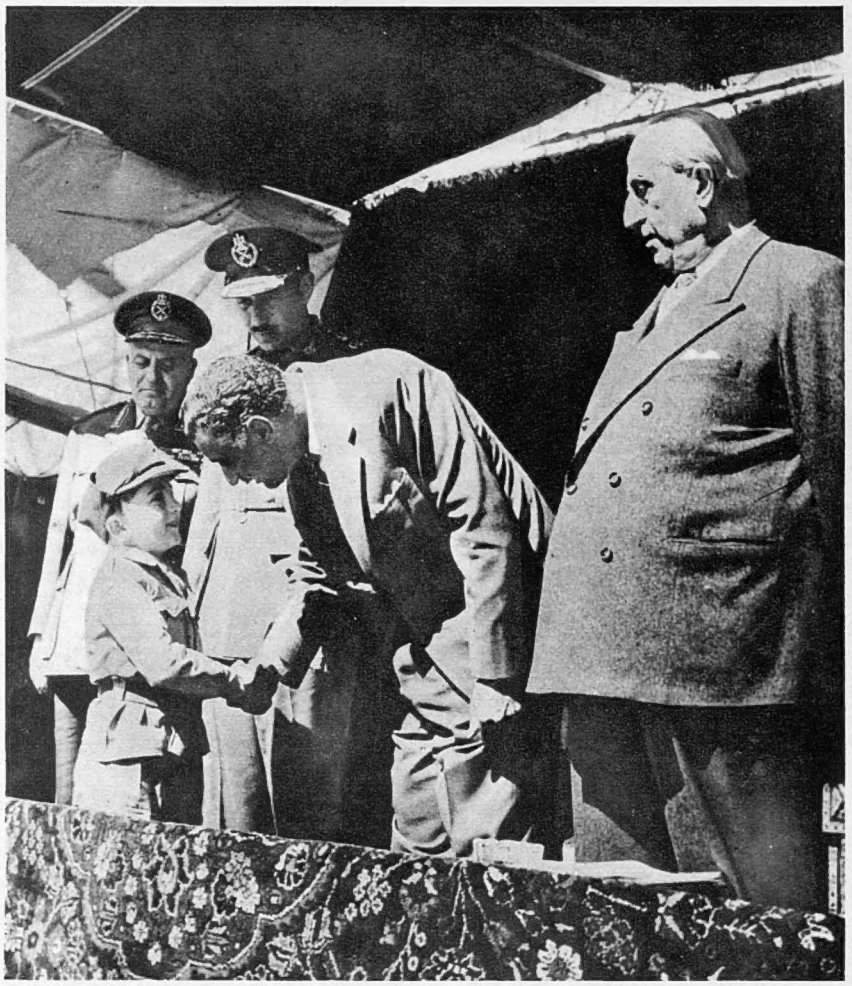


On left—

A SCENE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: During the anti-Apartheid meeting, an interrupter is violently man-handled behind the microphones. While the rally was in progress, lorries, carrying banners and the flag of Sir Oswald Mosley's Union Movement, circled Trafalgar Square. There were cries of "Keep Britain White!" and "Support South Africa against the Black Peril and the Red Traitors!" The crowd listening to the speakers at the rally were warned against trouble-makers and were asked not to retaliate if force were used.

HEAVY DEATH-ROLL IN AIR CRASH IN EIRE: The shattered tail of a DC 7-C Alitalia airliner lies on the ground at Shannon Airport. *On right*—A trail of wreckage marks where the aircraft ploughed across a field after the crash. The number of dead was stated to be twenty-nine and the twenty-three survivors were taken to hospital, some in a very serious condition. The airliner was en route from Rome and Milan to New York. On taking off from Shannon a wing-tip apparently hit a hillock about 3,000 yards from the end of the runway. The fuel tanks were smashed and the airliner struck the wall of a cemetery. Burning wreckage was scattered over a wide area. This was the second serious air accident within twenty-four hours. On the previous day sixty-six were killed in an airliner crash in Rio de Janeiro.

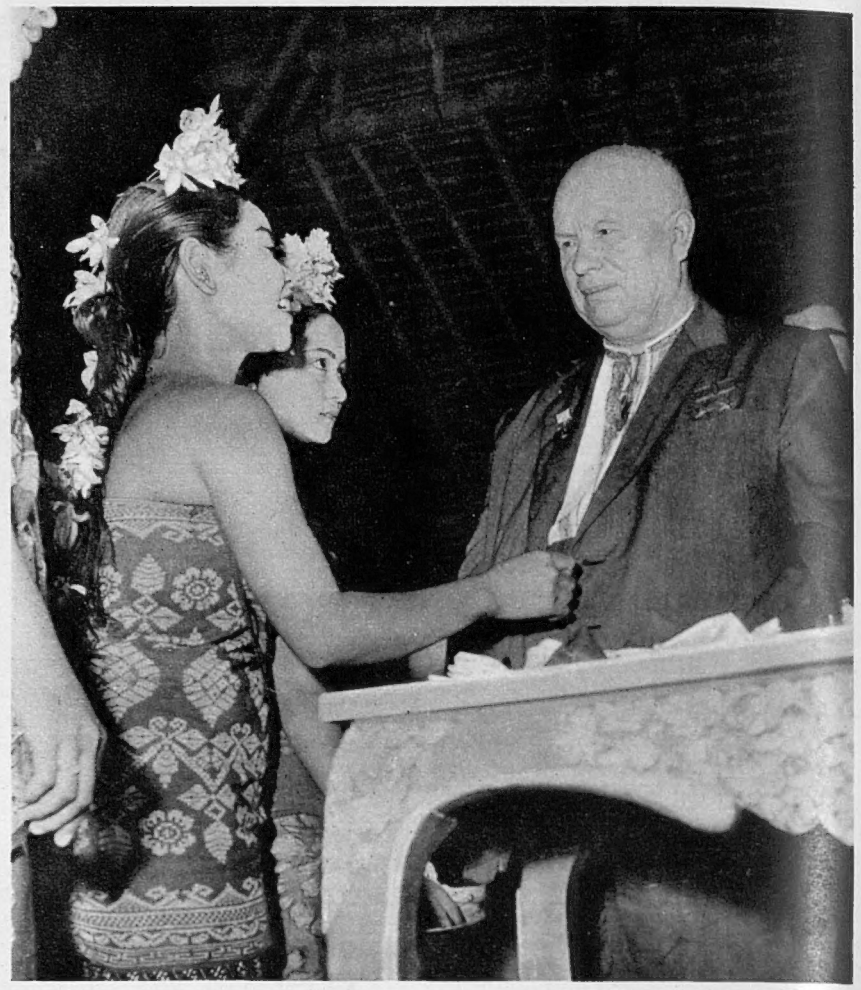
THE NEWS IN PICTURES



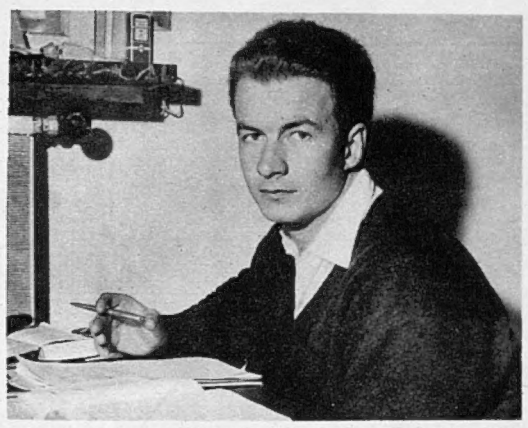
NASSER IN SYRIA: The President of the United Arab Republic is greeted in Damascus by a Syrian boy wearing the uniform of the Public Resistance organisation. On the right is Shukri el Kuwatly, who was President of Syria until the merger with Egypt into the U.A.R. President Nasser was about to take the salute at a vast military parade to mark the second anniversary of the foundation of the U.A.R. His bellicose speech coincided with an increase of tension on the Israeli frontiers.

On right—

PROTEST IN CHATTANOOGA: At a luncheon counter in a store in the Tennessee town, Negro students stay firmly on their stools in protest against segregation in serving food to students. As the protests grew in the town last week there were scuffles with the police. The students remained in their places and the snack counters were closed.



A VISITOR TO BALI: Mr. Khrushchev meets two of the girls for which the island in the Pacific is famous. The serious expression on the face of the Soviet Prime Minister reflects his mood for much of his tour of Indonesia. On several occasions his accustomed joviality was absent. There seemed little doubt that a strenuous journey of fourteen days in the equatorial climate was something of an ordeal for a European of sixty-six years of age. Besides making numerous public appearances in various parts of Indonesia, Mr. Khrushchev had private talks with Dr. Sukarno, the Indonesian President, in Bali and Jakarta. It was not known if the controversial subject of the Chinese in Indonesia was discussed. Shortly before the end of the visit an agreement was signed by which Russia offers credits totalling about £90,000,000 to provide an atomic reactor to Indonesia, and industrial and agricultural aid.

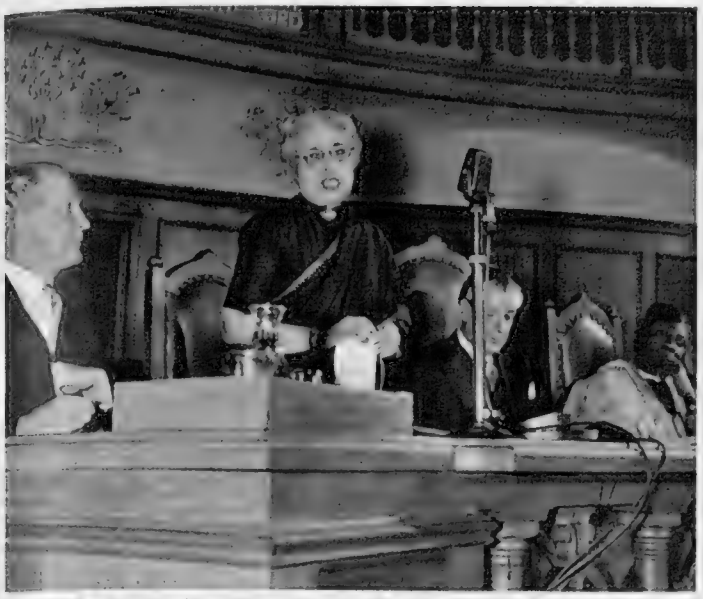


A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE FOR AN EX-NAZI'S SON: Wolf Rudiger Hess sits at his desk in Munich. He is the son of Hitler's former Deputy, Rudolf Hess, one of the three remaining war criminals still confined in Spandau Prison, Berlin. The young Hess had just been informed that his application for exemption from service in the German Army had been refused. He was reported as stating that his conscience forbade him to do military service for the former judges of his father.

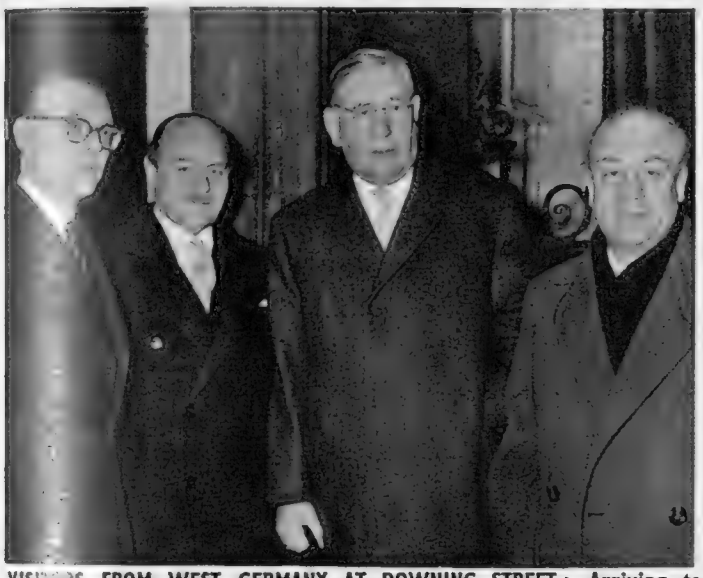
PARTY POLITICS IN THE BELGIAN CONGO: M. Joseph Kasavubu (centre), the leader of Abako, the Lower Congo Tribal Association, is greeted on his arrival at Leopoldville Airport, on his return from the round-table conference in Brussels. Most of the African leaders attending the conference on the Belgian Congo's future had returned home by last week and were busily preparing their election campaigns in readiness for the coming of independence on June 30. M. Kasavubu is a rival to M. Patrice Lumumba, to whom he lost a great deal of ground at the conference. But his party, the Abako, has in the past commanded overwhelming support in the Lower Congo. M. Lumumba and M. Albert Kalonji, the leaders of two wings of the Congo National Movement, have already stated that they intend to introduce joint lists of candidates for the June elections.

THE 1,000-MILE WALKING RACE: Along a path made by a snowplough and workmen, Mr. Ronald Thompson continues on his long walk to Land's End from John o' Groats. The bleak scene is at Helmsdale, in Sutherland. More than 700 people set out on the march, sponsored by Mr. Billy Butlin, on Friday of last week. After two days only about 200 were still in the race. Many had retired exhausted and others were disqualified for cheating by accepting lifts in cars. In the lead after two days was Mr. D. Robinson, a Bermudan, who had covered the 163 miles to Fort Augustus by 6.50 p.m. on Sunday. Mr. J. Grundy arrived at Fort Augustus 1 hour 20 mins. later. Prize-money worth £5,500 is to be awarded. It was announced that the race is to be an annual event.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



ANOTHER STAGE IN THE EVOLUTION OF BRITISH COMMONWEALTH EDUCATION: Mrs. Pandit, High Commissioner for India to Britain, addresses the Teachers for the Commonwealth Conference in Church House, Westminster. Sitting from left are: Mr. Alport, Minister of State, Commonwealth Relations Office; Sir David Eccles, Minister of Education, and Alhaji Abdulmaliki, Commissioner for Nigeria in London. *On right*—Sir David Eccles speaks to the delegates. The purpose of the one-day gathering was to consider improvements in the present system of exchange of teachers between Britain and other Commonwealth countries.



VISITORS FROM WEST GERMANY AT DOWNING STREET: Arriving to call on Mr. Macmillan are, from left: Herr von Herwarth, German Ambassador to Britain; Mr. Pope, Secretary at the British Embassy in Bonn; Herr Krone, Chairman of the West German Christian Democratic Party, and Dr. Birrenbach, a member of the Bonn Parliament. Their courtesy call during Herr Krone's visit to London coincided with the uproar in Britain and other Western countries over reports that Federal Germany was attempting to obtain bases for military training in Spain.

A NEW BUILDING FOR A FAMOUS LONDON DAILY NEWSPAPER: The model shows the new premises for *The Times* which are to take the place of the newspaper's present buildings in Printing House Square, in the City of London. The architects have designed comparatively low buildings, for present-day London, to form three sides of a square. The fourth side will be open to Queen Victoria Street. Demolition of the existing *Times* buildings will begin this spring. The new Printing House Square will be completed in 1964.

REBUILDING CHELSEA BARRACKS: On a site on which the old barrack blocks have been demolished, work is in progress on the foundations for new quarters for officers and men. The buildings in the background will also be pulled down. The old barracks near Chelsea Bridge, in London, were erected in 1861. The rebuilding should be finished in January 1962. The new construction is part of the Army's barrack modernisation programme which is being carried out in the United Kingdom and will cost some £50,000,000 over a period of years. Officers and men are to be provided with all possible comfort and amenities.

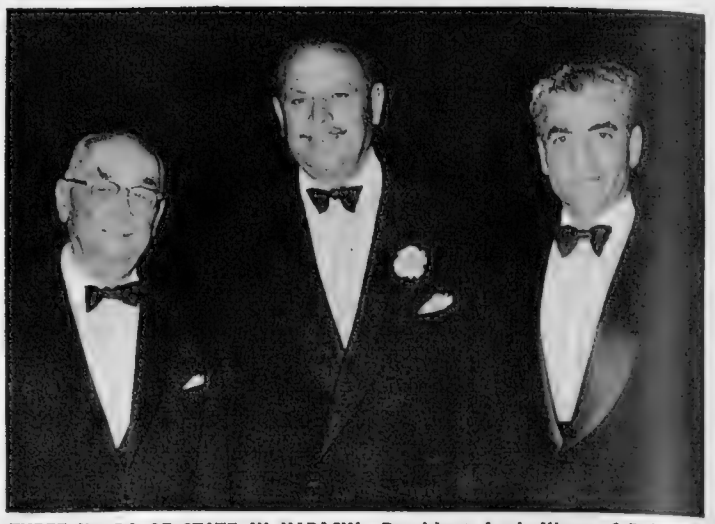
A LONDON LANDMARK TO BE PRESERVED: The Castle Inn in Battersea High Street is to be retained in its present form in proposals put forward by the Borough Council for a clearance scheme for the area. Two notable features of the ancient tavern are the bow window and the sign. The latter is Elizabethan work and was uncovered some years ago when the then existing sign was being cleaned.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

NEW CONSTITUTION IN PAKISTAN: General Ayub Khan takes the oath of office after being elected President of Pakistan. Administering the oath in Rawalpindi is the Lord Chief Justice of Pakistan, Mohammad Munir. In October 1958 General Ayub Khan assumed the Presidency when he overthrew the parliamentary regime and established military rule under his direction. His election to the office last month marks an important step in the evolution of a new and democratic constitution for the country. The voters were members of the "basic democracies"—a pyramid of councils from village to provincial level set up last year.

On right—

EARTHQUAKE IN ALGERIA: Inhabitants of the village of Melouza gather near the ruins of one of their homes. At least forty-six people had been killed and ninety injured when an earthquake devastated the district. Melouza is 4,000 ft. up in the Hodna Mountains, 150 miles from Algiers. The Air Force flew in supplies and evacuated the injured by helicopters.



THREE HEADS OF STATE IN KARACHI: President Ayub Khan of Pakistan arrives with President Bayar of Turkey (left) and the Shah of Persia for a banquet in honour of the two visiting Heads of State. Earlier in the day the Turkish President and the Shah had arrived in Karachi within two hours of each other. President Ayub first greeted the Shah and his Queen Farah at the airport and drove with them along an eleven-mile route into the city. Then the Pakistani President flew in a helicopter back to the airport to welcome Dr. Bayar and make a second ceremonial drive.

A STATE VISIT TO MALAYA: President Ngo dinh Diem (on right in dark coat), the Head of State of South Vietnam, is greeted at the airport in Kuala Lumpur by His Majesty Tuanku Abdul Rahman, the Yang di-Pertuan Agong, or Supreme Head, of the Malayan Federation. The South Vietnamese President had arrived for a five-day state visit to Malaya. During his stay he had discussions with the Malayan Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman. His other engagements included a tour of districts outside the Malayan Federal capital.

RESETTLING THE MUSLIMS IN ALGERIA: Children gather round the Commandant of the Resettlement Camp at Messelmoun, on the seashore about sixty miles west of Algiers. *On left*—A general view of some of the huts of the camp. The armoured car is not attached to the camp but has arrived as part of a road convoy escort. Since the civil war began in Algeria, the French military authorities have moved the inhabitants from vast areas of the countryside so that operations against the Algerian Nationalist Forces can be more effectively prosecuted. The people thus moved are housed in special camps under the control of the Army. Many refugees come to the camps from districts not affected by the clearance orders. It is believed that throughout Algeria these settlements contain over 1,000,000 Muslims. Conditions in them vary from good to very bad.

World Affairs

CANT ABOUT THE COMMONWEALTH

By JOHN CONNELL

FOR a week and more I have been pondering a letter which I had from an Australian reader of *The Sphere*. It concerned an aspect of Commonwealth relations to which in this country, I fear, we give far too little thought: the views and the feelings of the older members of the Commonwealth, in particular Australia and New Zealand, on the way in which nowadays we in the United Kingdom conduct our Commonwealth policy, its curious mixture of ignorance, complacency, recklessness and timidity. They do not, as some of us (including many mandarins of high degree) appear to think, stand aloof; they are deeply concerned. They listen to some of our pronouncements, they watch some of our antics, with an anxiety which they do not attempt to conceal.

My correspondent asked for my "considered opinion" on the Union of South Africa's continuing membership of the British Commonwealth. He made it clear in a few trenchant sentences that he himself was in favour of the Union's expulsion from the Commonwealth, not only (as he said) because of her "universally condemned" policy of *apartheid*, but because of the anti-British attitude adopted by the dominant Afrikaner element, of which he cited certain outstanding examples—the flag controversy, the alterations in Service titles and uniforms, the proposed decimal coinage, the steady pressure for the establishment of a republican system of government. None of these, as he pointed out, is an isolated manifestation; they are all expressions of a nationalist political philosophy which cuts off the Afrikaner as completely from the English-speaking South African as *apartheid* cuts him off from the Bantu.

The logical end of such a policy is secession from the Commonwealth; but this is a step towards which the political leaders of the Union move gingerly with a slow legalism which does not disguise their reluctance to accept the final, practical implications of their own theories. I have a suspicion that so complete is the moral and intellectual vacuum in which the majority of Afrikaners live, many of them believe that, if they hold on stubbornly enough, for long enough, never conceding a single point, the rest of us in the outside world will be won over, if not to agreement with, at least to acceptance of, their philosophy.

LORD HOME IN RHODESIA: On his arrival in Salisbury from London, the Commonwealth Relations Secretary walks across the airport with Sir Roy Welensky, the Prime Minister of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Also present to meet him was Sir Edgar Whitehead, the Premier of Southern Rhodesia. Lord Home had flown to Rhodesia for urgent conversations. The subject of them was not announced.

"You just don't understand," is a constantly recurrent phrase in the Afrikaner's political vocabulary; and it is uttered in tones that vary between thin hope that one day we may understand, and wrathful despair. This, of course, concerns *apartheid*. That anyone should dislike their anti-British attitude and activities they find it almost impossible to comprehend; are they not merely asserting their national, social, cultural and spiritual independence, and belatedly undoing the evil effects of Britain's imperial conquest in 1901–02?

Thereby they pose us, in Britain and other parts of the Commonwealth, more than one difficult and disagreeable problem. I find myself more than sympathetically disposed, on the immediate plane of feeling, to accept my Australian correspondent's tough and radical solution: "They must not be tolerated in our British Commonwealth, seeking and securing privileges to which they have forfeited all right. Let them implement their *apartheid* policy and reap the consequences—a civil war, in which we must give no aid. Trade advantages must be denied them. Australian and New Zealand goods should sweep their products from British markets."

But on deeper levels of political knowledge and experience I realise how impracticable this is, and how devious and dangerous are its implications. For very different reasons and different motives, my correspondent lines himself up with the British Labour Party (in its irresponsible backing of the boycott of South African goods in the United Kingdom); with the Nigerian politician who, well in advance of his country's attainment of fully independent status, has publicly expressed his doubts about there being room in the Commonwealth for the Union alongside its new African member; and with the defeated Liberal candidate who, in a B.B.C. *Any Questions?* in which I took part a few weeks ago, proclaimed her fervent hope that Mr. Macmillan, on his return from Africa, would announce his determination to "throw South Africa out of the Commonwealth."

The trouble is that, while we all take, rather smugly, for granted the processes by which Commonwealth membership is increased, and we admit the principle of the right of secession, we have no procedure for expulsion. We are a club without an Election Committee, and with no formal system of blackballing. Commonwealth membership, as even the least co-operative members appear to realise, bestows rights and privileges; we have never had the moral courage or the clear-headedness to formulate the corresponding duties and responsibilities which those of us who discharge them are apt to take for granted; nor have we bothered to devise any sanctions which might compel others to observe them. The contemporary concept of the Commonwealth is noble but hazy; our adherence to the principles of freedom in diversity and of a diversity of freedoms has made us persistently minimise the possibilities of disruption and disunity.

But we have been forced to see more than once—in the Indian sub-continent, for example—how imminent and how perilous these possibilities can become. Nobody can yet measure the extent to which Ghana, like South Africa, can affront the consciences and the loyalties of the older member-nations of the Commonwealth. If the principle of freedom of association has any meaning at all, there must be freedom to dissociate, in the Commonwealth just as much as in a trade union.

In the effusive welcome which it has become customary to accord to the emergence of Asia and Africa from the dark night of colonialism into the shining day of political independence, there has been a constant note of optimism, which has seemed to me as false as dangerous. Again and again, from the time of the transfer of power in India nearly thirteen years ago, this optimism has glossed over the real difficulties of liquidating a vast Empire, the sufferings, the injustices, the hardships and the losses which are bound to occur; and it has led repeatedly to the abandonment of minorities to the mercy of majorities, as vindictive as they have been clamorous for power. And, perhaps in a way even more corrosive of our self-respect, it has been used to gloss over the moral, rather than the physical weakness in ourselves, which makes us negligent in providing the basic and enduring safeguards for minorities, whose protection we ought to regard as our direct responsibility.

No more blatant—and to me, at any rate, alarming—example of this false optimism has lately been offered than the closing scenes of the Kenya Constitutional Conference towards the end of last month. How anyone with any knowledge of recent history could contemplate these proceedings without dismay, deepening into grief, passes my comprehension. In the process of the transfer of power there always comes a point of no return, after which the pace is no longer set by, and control no longer remains in the hands of, those who are abdicating; but usually some rearguard effort is made to protect the rights, lives and properties of those who are obviously marked out for revenge and expropriation. The effort seldom succeeds, but it is cynical and dishonourable not to make it.

In Kenya the British farmer-settlers have not got even the flimsiest formula as a consolation. If those who want to, and have the energy and the capital to move elsewhere, can get out, they will be lucky. What I especially dread is that they should be lulled along by false optimism, by pledges which there is no intention of keeping, by vague undertakings that matters such as education and the acquisition of land will be dealt with under the Law, and then, when no British Government has either the power or the will to help them, they will be trapped.

This is what happened to the Dutch settlers in Indonesia, where Mr. Khrushchev has lately been singing his now-familiar, rumbustious but sour song against colonialism. That he sang it a little too loudly and vulgarly for his hosts' taste, and thereby earned their disapprobation, was gleefully reported in the Western Press; but that Asians, or Africans for that matter, are wary of exalted carpet-baggers from the Communist side of the world, does not imply that they have acted, or will act, justly and generously to any non-Asian or non-African settler minority in their midst. Is there any justification for believing that, where the interests of his own followers and those of the British settlers are in conflict, any African leader in Kenya is going to be more forbearing or more far-seeing than President Sukarno has been?

The official answer is that these issues are for the future, that it is undiplomatic and indeed disruptive of the happy harmony that has been so laboriously achieved to draw attention to them now, and that in a few years' time they will in all probability settle themselves. I am not, I fear, taken in for a moment. Once the African political majorities, both in the Government and in the Legislature of Kenya, are firmly in their seats, *they* will call the tune and set the pace; and they went away from London knowing that the ability to do so was almost within their grasp.

I do not say that this was not inevitable. What sticks in my gullet is the trick of trying to pretend, and it has apparently become habitual to politicians of all parties in this country, that the inevitable is beautifully right, and that it will occur (if only carping critics will hold their tongues) without confusion and casualties. I admit the inevitable, but I refuse to swallow the accompanying cant. When a statesman of Mr. Macmillan's calibre rises above the general level, and speaks stern, hard truths, I am grateful and I respond.

Before the reckoning comes in Kenya, I hope that the Prime Minister will make it his business to act, as well as speak, as forcefully as he did in Cape Town. But at the moment, conscious that that reckoning is likely to be a good deal nearer and a good deal less pleasant than the optimists pretend, I find my mind dwelling on Group-Captain Briggs's sad, restrained, truthful cry from the heart, rather than on Mr. Macleod's fatigued, yet smoothly and professionally happy expectations.

FESTIVITIES IN THE STREETS OF NICE: In the gaily-decked streets of the French Riviera town, the elaborate float depicting a story of a wolf and a shepherdess forms part of the long Carnival parade. The heads and shoulders of spectators are covered by confetti which is traditionally thrown during the celebrations.

CONTINENTAL CARNIVAL-TIME

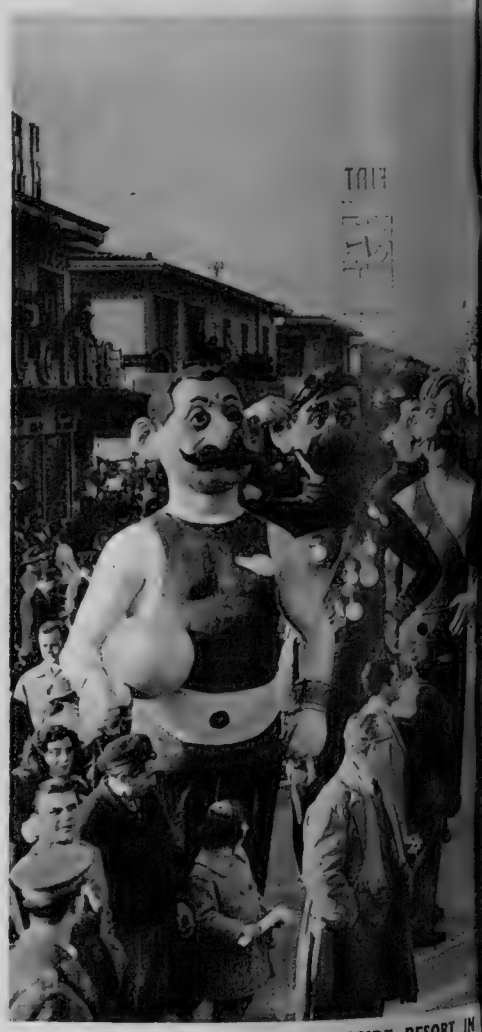
The Annual Festivities in Nice, Viareggio and Athens

GROTESQUE HEADS: These two figures, representing famous bull-fighters, are examples of the outsized heads paraded in the streets of Nice at Carnival-time.

Carnival was originally a festival which began on the day following the Feast of Epiphany and continued until Shrove Tuesday. Later, Carnival became limited to a time of three to eight days before Ash Wednesday. The customs preserved in Carnival originated in the pagan festival of spring-time, both in northern and southern Europe. During the Middle Ages the main features were great banquets and drinking bouts, which for the rich lasted for the whole time from Epiphany and for the middle classes for the week preceding Lent. The poor celebrated the event with a few days of wild merry-making. Shrove Tuesday, or Pancake Tuesday, is a relic of the English Carnival and was formerly a time of great sport and feasting.

On the Continent many countries still celebrate Carnival, though nowadays the festivities have assumed a different aspect. The celebrations normally include processions through the streets of the town. This year at Nice the Carnival was in a special form. The town is celebrating 100 years of French rule and the festivities took the form of a review of former Carnivals. The theme at Viareggio, in northern Italy, was a topical one, the floats and costumed figures depicting, satirically, events and people in the news

A CARRIAGE FOR THE QUEENS: The model of a coach with its five white horses carries on top the beauty queens of the French Riviera. In the annual Nice Carnival the theme this year was a review of all the preceding seventy-six Carnivals. This year Nice celebrates the centenary of its annexation by the French Government, having been ceded to France by Sardinia in 1860.



CARNIVAL-TIME IN A POPULAR SEASIDE RESORT IN in the Olympic Games of 1900. There was a biggest in Italy. Many thousands of tourists went to

FESTIVITIES AT VIAREGGIO: One of the most spectacular of the floats in the annual Carnival, this one is entitled "Ease of Tension." The leaders of the Big Four—Mr. Khrushchev, President de Gaulle, President Eisenhower and Mr. Macmillan—are depicted wearing wings and sitting astride armoured doves of peace. Each of them carries in one hand an olive twig, the symbol of peace. The other hand holds a hydrogen bomb behind the back.

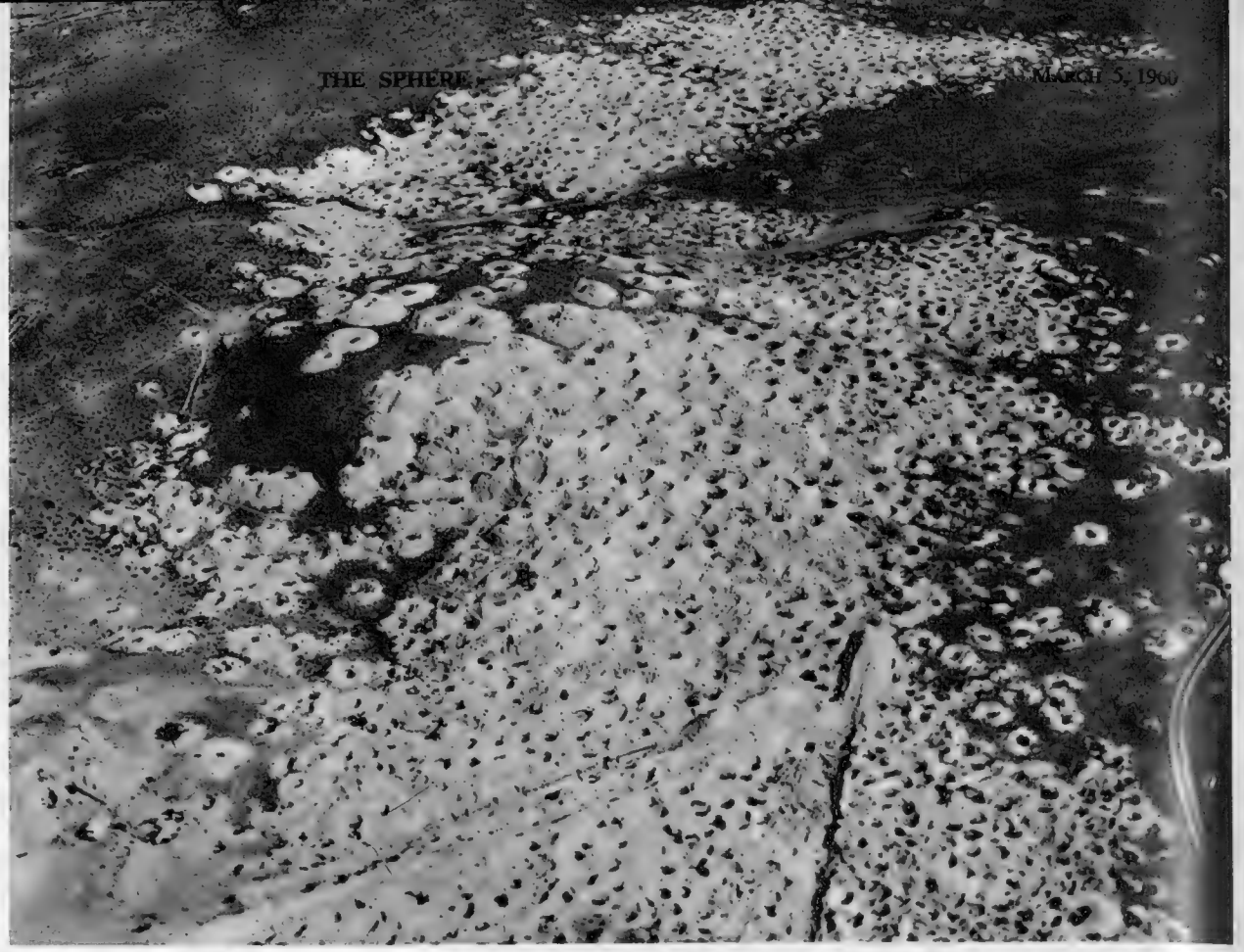
RTHERN ITALY: The monster figures in the procession at Viareggio represent athletes owd estimated at 100,000 people at the Viareggio Carnival, which is claimed to be the e resort specially to see the festivities. The theme was a satirical survey of topical events.

AMUSING FIGURES IN THE CARNIVAL IN ATHENS: A black drummer accompanies a clown and a mouse in the procession through the streets. In Athens at carnival-time, people disguised in strange costumes visit the houses of their friends in attempts to surprise them.

HARD-EARNED WEALTH

The Rigours of Mining Opals in Australia

A LUCKY STRIKE: An opal buyer stands with a matrix mined in the opal fields at Coober Pedy, in South Australia. The matrix is the rock containing the gems.



A RICH DESOLATION: The aerial picture shows the remote and arid country at Coober Pedy which is rich in opal deposits. Digging began here forty-five years ago, but owing to the harsh living conditions the number of miners is rapidly decreasing.

A VILLAGE IN THE DESERT: *Left*—A dwelling for a miner has been dug into a sandhill at Coober Pedy. Members of the community are forced to burrow underground to escape the consequences of the heat. *Right*—Another sandhill contains a local bank and the post office.

On left—

A MOMENT OF HOPE: Ettie McDougall (left) and Hilda Whittaker use a winch of their own devising to raise a bucket with their "digging" from below ground so that they can sift it to assess its value. The two miners drove over 1,000 miles from Melbourne to try their luck in the opal fields.

On right—

BELOW THE SURFACE: Bill Coster, a sixty-three-year-old veteran of Coober Pedy, works in his shaft 45 ft. underground to mine opals. The carbide lamp provides light for his operations. The other chief opal field in South Australia is at Andamooka.

The precious opal is one of the best-known gems. In colour it is usually bluish or yellowish-white, but being semi-translucent and semi-transparent the stone shows a wonderful range of hues as the light strikes it at various angles. This rainbow effect is due to tiny fissures filled with air and water.

One of the chief production centres for the world's supply of opals is Australia. When the conditions under which miners dig for them in their raw state are appreciated, most people would agree that high prices for the finished product are fully justified.

A glance at a map gives an idea of what life must be like for the miners or "gougers" in some of the Australian opal fields. Coober Pedy, for example, is a pinpoint miles from any other place and lying in the middle of a desolate, arid desert. The fields have been worked there since the beginning of the First World War. At one time the community consisted of 350 people. To-day there are fewer than forty regular gougers, some of whom have their wives and families with them.

The reason for this decrease in number is the harshness of life in the torrid desert. Lacking suitable building materials in the locality and transport to bring them from elsewhere, the inhabitants have been forced to burrow deep into the sides of sandhills to make their homes. Public services, such as the post office and bank, are similarly sited. One of the most serious problems is that of water supply. If the large communal tank runs dry—this can happen in a drought—water has to be brought from Tarcoola, 125 miles away.

A number of casual gougers adds to the population from time to time, men and women coming from cities in many parts of Australia in the hope of making riches quickly. The miners operate to a depth of 50 ft. below the parched ground. Matrixes (the rock masses in which the gems are embedded) are brought up and examined. Buyers visit regularly to replenish the world's opal market.

Occasionally the gouger will be lucky and strike a rich vein from which he can make a small fortune. For the most part, the miners of Coober Pedy have to be content with less sensational returns. They take their life philosophically. As one of them puts it, living in a burrow has its compensations. Shelves, cupboards and other "furniture" are easily carved out of the rock and it takes very little time to make additions as required.

STAKING THEIR DIAMOND CLAIMS: *Above, left*—At Pypklip, in the Transvaal, a claimant runs past spectators on his way to stake a claim on a farm owned by the De Beers Diamond Company. *Above, right*—A group of diggers waits at the starting line for the signal allowing them to run to stake their claims. *Right*—An official reads the proclamation declaring the farm at Pypklip to be a public digging.

A DIAMOND RUSH IN TRANSVAAL

Scenes on a Farm at Pypklip, Which was Recently Declared a Public Digging

On left—

SEARCHING FOR DIAMONDS: On one of the claims staked out after the rush in the Transvaal, washed and sifted gravel is turned over. By sundown it was reported that no diamonds had been found.

SIFTING THE GRAVEL: A washing and sorting machine is seen at work on one of the claims at Pypklip. Over 270 people took part in the rush to stake claims in various parts of the 2,500-acre farm, near Lichtenburg.

ONE OF THE CLAIMS: As soon as the 15-yard-by-15-yard claim is staked out, the digging and washing equipment is unloaded. It was reported that by sundown on the same day diggers on some claims had sifted through eight loads of gravel without success. Many of the claims were sold later.

One of the last of the diamond rushes in the Transvaal took place recently after the De Beers farm at Pypklip, some 16 miles from Lichtenburg, had been declared a public digging. It was estimated that 3,000 spectators arrived to watch 272 people, most of them elderly, run across the veldt to stake their claims. There were thirty-two women and 240 men in the race, practically all the survivors of the army of holders of diggers' certificates in the Transvaal. In the 1920's there were 25,000 of them.

When the announcement that the farm had been declared a public digging was released, a row of iron huts sprang up on the 2,500-acre farm. The starters in the race were kept behind a wire before the race. Envelopes with licence numbers in them were drawn every ten seconds from ballot-boxes, and handed to the lucky ballotees. Then the diggers, two by two, set out to run to the spot they fancied. Some ran to a point only 400 yards away, but most made for a ridge 2 miles off, and some ran 4 miles. The balloting took a quarter of an hour. When the last man to have his name drawn started, it was possible through binoculars to see two men already pegging their claim 2 miles off.

Shortly afterwards the crowd was allowed to follow the diggers. More than 600 cars, lorries carrying equipment, tractors and jeeps, were driven across the veldt. By sundown a large amount of gravel had been washed, but no diamonds were discovered. Nevertheless, it was clear that many people firmly believed that there were diamonds in the area. At an auction after the rush was over, thirty buyers paid over £34,000 for the 400 discoverers' and owners' claims reserved by De Beers. One block of nine claims—each claim measuring 15 yards by 15 yards—went for £3,050.

At the village which had sprung up on the farm, Mr. Emmanuel Parledes, a Greek born in Athens, had set up a shop. By midday, he sold forty water-melons, twenty boxes of tomatoes, 1,950 cold drinks and 380 cups of coffee. As long as the diggings continued, he hoped to stay in profitable business. The Pypklip farm is one of the few areas left in Transvaal which appeared to be a possible diamond area and which had not been dug. Much of the rich alluvial digging areas has been mined by the De Beers Diamond Company for many years now.

A SESSION OF THE COMMISSION: At Livingstone, in Northern Rhodesia, Lord Monckton (fourth from left at the table), the Chairman, presides over a meeting of the Advisory Commission on the Constitution of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. After their first sessions the members divided into groups to take evidence in different parts of the Federation. In every place those attending were heard in secret, it having been agreed that views expressed should not be disclosed.

THE MONCKTON INQUIRY

The Commission at Work in Central Africa

The members of the Monckton Commission to advise on the future of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland gathered in Livingstone, Northern Rhodesia, in the middle of last month. A last-minute change of mind had included Mr. Wellington Chirwa in their number. The former member of the Federal Parliament had originally turned down the invitation to serve. Many observers believed that he had altered his attitude as a result of his interview with Mr. Macmillan during the Prime Minister's tour of Africa.

At its opening session the Commission heard evidence from White and Coloured witnesses. Then the members split into groups to travel to outlying districts. Lord Monckton's party flew to a remote area on the banks of the Zambezi. Another group under Sir Donald MacGillivray, the Vice-Chairman, went by car to Gwembe, 200 miles from Livingstone. Others of the Commissioners journeyed to Namwala. Competent interpreters were often essential for their inquiries. In some places it was reported that the term "Federation" did not exist in the local language and had to be translated by primitive sounds and signs.

AFRICAN MEMBERS: From left are Mr. E. K. Gondwe; Mr. Wellington Chirwa and Mr. Katulungu. Mr. Chirwa at first refused to serve on the Commission, but later changed his mind.

IN NORTHERN RHODESIA: Mr. Frank Gladstone Menzies, Australian member of the Commission, talks at Zimba with Chief Mukuni of one of the tribes in Northern Rhodesia.

A PAUSE IN THE PROCEEDINGS: Lord Monckton talks with four African members of his Commission. From left they are—Mr. G. H. Habanyama; Mr. Katulungu; Chief Simon Sigola and Mr. Gondwe. It is expected that their inquiry will be continued in Rhodesia and Nyasaland until at least the beginning of May.

THE ASIAN VIEWPOINT: An Indian talks to Sir Donald MacGillivray (back to camera), the Vice-Chairman of the Commission. The views of all communities in the Federation are being considered.

THE FISHERWOMEN OF NAZARE: Huge fishing nets are spread on the beach of the Portuguese village. Drawn up beside them are small boats used by the Nazaré men for fishing. The nets are employed by the women of the village for catching fish close to the shore. The livelihood of the entire community depends on the products of the sea. *Left*—The catch is hauled in. The woman in the foreground holds an anchor which has kept the net in position.

A VILLAGE GOES FISHING

Nazaré, in Portugal, Gains a Livelihood from the Sea

Sardine fisheries are important in the economy of Portugal, and the expansion and modernisation of the fishing fleets is one of the items in the second Six-Year Development Plan. However, at Nazaré, a village 85 miles north of Lisbon, fishing is carried out much as it has been for centuries. Modernisation has scarcely touched the industry from which the entire village makes a living. Men, women and children play their part. In small boats, some of them without motors, the men put out daily into the Atlantic in search of deep-water fish. Sardines form the major part of their catch, but cod and other fish are also netted.

The women and children, while the men are at sea, also fish. They use huge nets, which are hand-woven by the women. The nets, some of them more than a thousand feet in length, are laid before daybreak, the community pooling their strength to drag them through the surf. Held in position by heavy anchors, the nets are kept open by buoys made of inflated goatskins. Cork, a product of Portugal, is too expensive for the villagers. At the end of the day the nets are hauled in—a backbreaking but rewarding task if the catch is a good one. Ashore, the fish are spread out on racks to dry. Some of the catch is salted and stored against the time when the nets come out of the sea empty. Despite their poverty, the people of Nazaré are very picturesque. Many of the women wear the traditional black, but others have brightly-coloured clothing. The men, with tasselled hats, wear tartan shirts and trousers.

HOMES FOR TITANS

An Underground American Base for the Missiles

On left—

AN UNDERGROUND MISSILE BASE: At Lowry Air Force Base, outside Denver, in Colorado, an underground launching centre for Titan missiles is being constructed by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. Foreground is a control centre and behind it a power-house.

Progress in the development of long-range ballistic missiles has been so rapid that each generation overlaps its predecessor, and the various programmes are often carried on simultaneously in the United States. These developments are not restricted to the missiles themselves, since rapid progress is also made on the installations from which they are fired when operational. The comparatively early Thors, which are in operational service in Britain, are placed in above-ground bases. But the later Titans, the biggest of all the long-range ballistic missiles, are designed to be fired from underground bases. Only the approach roads to these vast complex sites will be visible. And the even later Minuteman will be fired from mobile launching installations, placed on specially designed railway trucks.

Understandably much of the detail of the missiles and their launching sites is not revealed, but one estimate for the cost of an underground base, with nine Titans and all the attendant equipment, is well over £40 million. Five Titan squadrons have been named at the following Air Force bases in the U.S.—Lowry, at Denver, in Colorado; Ellsworth, in South Dakota; Mountain Home, in Idaho; Larson, in Washington; and Beale, in California. A complete squadron, it is stated, will comprise nine separate launching complexes. The Titan missile, which is over 90 ft. high and the biggest of the Western missiles, will be fired from underground silos. These consist of pits 163 ft. deep and 40 ft. in diameter. The missile stands inside the pit upright with both stages in position. Also in the silo will be the launching equipment and the elevating system to lift the missile to the surface on firing. Next to the main silo are placed subsidiary pits with storage facilities. The complexes of silos are placed several hundred feet apart, surrounding storage silos, control centres and power-houses. The fuel will be added to the missile while it is underground so that it can be fired when it reaches the surface.

At the same time as the construction of the bases is going forward, there is an intensive programme of testing the Titans at Cape Canaveral and at the Denver Division of the Martin Company. The Titan, which has a range of well over 6,000 miles, is due to be operational next year.

On left—

A POWER-HOUSE: At the Titan base at Lowry the concrete base of the spherical building is finished. The middle portion is surrounded by a wooden framework to contain the concrete being poured in. Men on the top of the dome are placing steel reinforcing in position.

THE TITAN [illegible]UNCHING CENTRE FROM THE AIR: The various sections of the underground installations are under construction, after the earth has been excavated. When the base at Low[illegible]s finished all the earth will have been replaced so that only the approach roads will be visible. Each of the Titan bases is reported to be composed of nine deep silos in which [illegible] missiles will stand upright, with subsidiary pits with servicing equipment. Each group of three silos has its own control centre and power-house, linked by tunnels.

A POWER-HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION: Much of the concrete of the installation is covered by winter protection material, used while the concrete dries. Visible in the background are the banks of earth, showing how deep the base is being built underground. It is reported that the launching emplacements of the Titan missiles, which are over 90 ft. high, are 163 ft. deep, and that the excavations are fourteen storeys deep. At the time of firing the missiles will be lifted to the surface, with their launching equipment.

THE MADNESS OF MARCH HARES

An Explanation of the Word "Crippling" When Applied to Hares; The Benefit to Them of Myxomatosis; Their Courting Habits

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

Over the edge of the rabbit-trimmed down
There you go crippling, crippling.
Lonely and wind-blown and ruddily brown,
Wearing in Northlands a white winter gown,
There you go crippling, crippling.

THAT verse by A. J. H. has for long intrigued me. Not merely because I happen to be deeply interested in hares, but because of that word "crippling." It is, you must admit, a strange word to use in connection with the hare; surely, the very last animal to be thought of as crippled.

It is true that a hare cannot walk. At all speeds, even the slowest, the method of progression is a series of jumps with the hind-legs, which are very long, and skips with the forelegs, which by comparison are very short. But there is nothing in the least crippled about this gait: even at the slowest pace, it is balanced and controlled. Speed is attained by lengthening the jumps. The quicker the pace the farther forward are the footprints of the hind-legs in relation to those of the forelegs. At full speed they are well in front of them. And at full speed, as anyone who has watched coursing will know, a hare is moving really fast. This is on level ground; a hare can move very much faster up-hill, a fact which it knows very well. A hunted hare will always run up-hill if it can, knowing that by so doing it will outdistance pursuit.

But it is not just a matter of speed. Consider what else a hare can do. It is, for example, an expert and prodigious jumper. Jumps of 20 ft. and more have often been recorded; one of a full 26 ft. has been vouched for; and a hare has been seen to clear a Grand National jump with ease. No hare thinks anything of hopping over a 5-ft. fence into a garden when it wants a change of menu. There is nothing crippled about that. Hares are also expert swimmers; both in salt and fresh water. They have often been observed swimming rivers (I have seen this myself) and not just when hunted. They have also been observed to swim quite broad stretches of salt water, when they have wanted to take a short cut. It is odd that "crippling" should be applied to the movements of such an animal.

I confess that I have always put it down to lack of familiarity with the hare on the part of the poet. This opinion has been strengthened by the fourth line of that verse; for the Brown Hare does not put on a winter coat of white. We have three sorts of hares in the British Isles: the Brown Hare, the Blue Hare and the Irish Hare. The Brown Hare is the largest, measuring between 22 and 24 ins. and weighing anything from 7 to 13 lb., though some animals much heavier than that have been recorded. The Blue Hare rarely measures more than 20 ins. and weighs between 5 and 7 lb. The Irish Hare, which is said to be much the fleetest of the three, measures about 23 ins., but rarely weighs more than 10 lb.

The Brown Hare occurs in Great Britain (not in Ireland) wherever there is cultivation, but is rare on moorlands and high up on hills. The Blue Hare is common in the Highlands of Scotland above the level of cultivation, and seems to be gradually extending its range southwards, though keeping to high ground. The Irish Hare is also a mountain hare, rarely occurring in any numbers on low ground. All three hares have a winter coat. In the Blue Hare, the colour changes to pure white, except for the tips of the ears, which are black. The change, since it matches the colour of the snow, is protective. It is not due to a moult, but to the action of certain cells which at low temperatures absorb the colour of the hair. The Irish Hare, another mountain hare and normally a richer red than the Brown Hare, also puts on a white coat for the winter, but the change is rarely as complete as in the Scottish animal. Pure white animals do sometimes occur, but it is more usual to find a russet line along the flanks. The Irish climate is milder. The Brown Hare, in the normal English winter, has no need for this protective coloration. But it has a winter coat, which is a good deal thicker than the ruddy-brown coat of summer and a pale, smoky grey.

It is apparent that the poet had his hares a little muddled and, because of that, I had dismissed "crippling" as poetic licence. Anyway, I had never heard the word used in connection with hares. But now I have. A. J. H. may have got a bit muddled over the winter coat, but otherwise he did know what he was talking about. My apologies to him (whoever he was) for misjudging him.

Some eight years ago I remarked, in *The Sphere*, upon the scarcity of hares in this neighbourhood. It is not good hare country, not the sort of country where you would expect to find a great many at the best of times, but even so the scarcity was noticeable. Although I do not think that I appreciated it at the time, eight years ago there was a noticeable falling-off in numbers throughout the south of England, even in country apparently ideally suited to hares. This was a cumulative process: it had been going on for many years. It might even be said to have been going on ever since William Cobbett's day, for he used to see hares in great companies on the Wiltshire Downs. He was, perhaps, the last man to see hares in such profusion; at least, in the south of England, and probably anywhere in England. At any rate, I feel sure that nobody has seen a great company of hares in England in the last sixty years. There has been a steady decline in numbers. This has been due to a number of factors: to the change in farming practice, to the steady drain on agricultural land and the great increase in building, and to the steady increase over the years in the number of rabbits. Of these three factors the increase in the numbers of rabbits was certainly the most important, for hares will not graze where rabbits have fouled the ground.

So, over the years, there was a steady, but accelerating, decline in the numbers of hares. Eight years ago they were so scarce around here that really one only saw the occasional traveller. Hares, especially in spring, are great travellers. At other seasons they are quite remarkably conservative and stick very closely to one small territory, even perhaps to one field. We would occasionally see one in some place (my own garden, for example) quite unsuitable for a hare, though normally one could walk for miles around with never a glimpse of one.

Well, all that is over. Myxomatosis did not do the rabbit any good, though they are coming back here and there in small numbers, but it worked wonders for the hare. From the moment that that disease began to wipe out the rabbit population hares began to increase, and they have been doing so rapidly ever since. I do not say that they have done so hereabouts, although I think that we may, perhaps, get rather more travellers, but then this is now totally unsuitable ground for hares. But now I have only got to go out two or three miles to agricultural land to be sure of seeing three or four hares in an afternoon, where, but a few years ago, I could have been just as sure of seeing none. In good hare country, on the Downs, or on rolling farmland, the increase in numbers has been quite astonishing.

I was in Wiltshire the other day, near Collingbourne Ducis, leaning on a gate and talking to an elderly farm-labourer. A hare started up in the field in front of us and went zig-zagging away to the Downs. It put up another in the centre of the field. "Nice to see them back," I said. "Ah," he said, "'tis so. And soon they 'll be crippling. Now that 's a sight I do love to see." "Crippling," I said, "what's that?" "Why, courting," he said. "And that 's the right name for it?" I asked. "Well, I don't rightly know about that," he said, "but that 's the name my father and my grandfather used." So, there you are. A. J. H. was right. A Brown Hare would go "crippling, crippling" over the edge of a rabbit-trimmed down. Just the very place to watch him do it.

How pleasant it is to watch. We all know of the strange behaviour of buck hares in the mating season – the Mad March hare of fable. In fact, the chief courting season begins in February and lasts through March. Hares will mate at other seasons also; at least, sometimes. Though perhaps a little more demonstrative, I do not know that the courting behaviour of the buck hare is any more strange than that of the human male. But I do know that it is much more entertaining to watch. The bucks run about all day in pursuit of the does. The does encourage this and sometimes seem deliberately to play off one buck against another: behaviour which, I understand, is not unknown in higher walks of life. This leads, inevitably, to a good deal of fighting among the bucks: kicking, jumping, boxing.

MOUNTAIN HARES: One of the variety warily cocks its ears. *On left*—Another squats in a form hollowed out of the snow. Mountain hares are sometimes known as Blue Hares and are one of the three varieties found in Great Britain, the others being the larger Brown Hares and the Irish Hares.

It is the common belief that the hare is an excessively timid animal. I do not think that it is. A doe will fight fiercely in defence of its young. It will drive off cattle from its form. It is more than a match for a small terrier, and can deliver a very telling blow with its hind-legs. It is, in fact, a strong, even a powerful, animal. I have had a full-grown wild hare in my arms, and though I am by no means a small man, I had all my work cut out to get it under control, and was severely scratched and bitten. So these fights, though entertaining to watch, are serious business for the animals concerned. It is often said that the fighting is confined to the bucks, and I have even read that a "master" buck will fight off all rivals for his doe.

This is nonsense. The bucks do fight fiercely among themselves, and sometimes do considerable damage. But the does also fight—not each other, but the bucks—and since they are bigger and more powerfully built, the latter frequently have a rough passage before the union is consummated. But there is no question of a buck fighting for his doe, in the sense of a permanent mating. Hares are promiscuous, and a doe may be served by two or three bucks in quick succession.

But all that sort of thing is for naturalists. For the rest of us it is sufficient to watch. For here, in the grace and speed, the leaps and skips, is the very spirit of spring. Patrick Chalmers summed it all up so well:

The wind 's in the east,
But there 's green on the larch,
And a fairy-tale beast
On the uplands' wide arch
That gallops and gallops, light pacing,
At chasing
Of Magic, clean Magic of March.

A POSSIBLE TOURIST CENTRE ON MALTA: The path leads across the Ghain Tuffieha tableland towards the flat-topped promontory jutting into the Mediterranean. On the right is Ghain Tuffieha Bay. The area is popular as a centre for hunting hare. About eight months ago discussions were started on a programme to develop Malta as a leading tourist island, for which its mild winter and warm summer tempered by the Mediterranean winds make it ideally suitable. The flat tableland of Ghain Tuffieha is one of the areas on the island which it is proposed to develop. Recently a syndicate of German architects visited Malta and had discussions with the Government and local authorities on the siting of a large modern hotel in the area. The proposed hotel would have every modern amenity to give guests a luxurious holiday. There are plans for building a golf course, a swimming-pool and tennis courts. The outcome of the talks is not yet known. Other ideas under review at present include the establishing of holiday camps. The development of Malta as a tourist centre is a further attempt to attract new industries to the island. The Maltese economy depended to a large extent on the former naval dockyard at Valletta, now operated by a private company.

A NEW ISLAND FOR TOURISTS

Proposals for Developing Malta

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF GHAIN TUFFIEHA: The tableland is on the north-east coast of Malta, about 14 miles to the north-west of Valletta. On the right in the centre is the rest camp of the Royal Marines. During the last war the camp housed Yugoslav soldiers and it is now used by the Commandos between exercises.

SIGNS OF AN ANCIENT CIVILISATION: Ridges mark the rock at Ghain Tuffieha. One view of the origin of the ruts is that they are signs of a cart-track of Phœnician or Roman times. Another theory is that they date from the time when Italy was joined to Africa, before the land subsidence which left Malta an island.

THE SOURCE OF A RENOWNED DELICACY FOR THE TABLE: A sturgeon weighing 150 lb. lies on the floor of a fishery on the Persian coast of the Caspian Sea. The roe will be treated to produce caviare, and the Persian variety is one of the best in the world. Until recently Russia had a concession on the Persian sturgeon fisheries. To-day, caviare production is organised by a Persian state-owned monopoly.

CASPIAN CAVIARE

Important Fisheries on the Persian Shores of the Inland Ocean

The sturgeon is a very valuable fish. Its flesh, when properly prepared, makes good eating and its air bladder produces isinglass (a gelatinous substance). But the fish is probably best known as the source of caviare. Supplies of the highest quality come from the Caspian Sea.

Until five years ago the Caspian caviare industry was entirely in Russian hands, for the Russians had a concession over the southern and Persian section of the waters. All tins of the product were marketed as Russian. After their successful nationalisation of their oil industry, the Persians turned their attention to their Caspian fishery, and nationalised that, too. To-day a state monopoly known as Shilat organises, fishes and markets caviare which is exported as Persian. Annual production is around 150 tons, of which forty go to Russia, forty to the U.S.A. and fifty to Western Europe. Some of the caviare going to Russia is re-exported to the West.

Caviare is a costly delicacy because the sturgeon which yield the best grades are comparatively rare. The beluga species, for example, have their natural habitat only in the Caspian. Artificial breeding is practised, but it is a long business. Until the fish are ten years old their roes are small and worthless for caviare purposes. However, a fully-grown beluga may weigh as much as 500 lb. and show a rich return on its caviare.

Besides scarcity of the fish, there are other considerations which make caviare production a difficult business. The netted catch must be landed at once, if the roe is not to deteriorate in quality. The eggs must then be treated and salted quickly and the caviare put immediately into cold storage to retain its excellence. Provided these conditions are fulfilled and the tins in which it is packed hermetically sealed, it should keep without deterioration for nine months. Thus there is plenty of time for the caviare to be exported to distant lands.

OFFSHORE FISHERY: A boat with a V-shaped stern goes out with nets on the waters of the Caspian. The fishing areas are never far from the shore. Sturgeon, when they have been caught, must be landed quickly, otherwise the roe may soften and the caviare lose its quality. The roe must also be salted and immediately stored.

PACKING: After grading by experts, the eggs of the sturgeon are packed in tins. The bulk of Persian caviare is exported to Russia, Western Europe or the U.S.A.

On left—
THE FINISHED PRODUCT: Tins are hermetically sealed, rubber bands being placed around them by a machine. Thus packed, caviare can be stored for up to nine months without losing its quality, but it must be kept in an even, cool temperature.

A FISHING VILLAGE OF THE CASPIAN SEA: Opposite the thatched huts on an inlet, nets have been stretched out to dry and to be examined for repairs. Great care is taken of this apparatus so essential to sturgeon fishing. Some nets are very large. Having been laid close to the shore and filled with fish, they are hauled to land by motor winches. When the sturgeon roes have been removed, treated and packed, the caviare may find its way to tables in restaurants in London, Paris, New York, or other Western cities.

YOUNG STURGEON: They have been artificially bred and will eventually be released into the sea. As is the case with all sturgeon in the Caspian Sea, they will have to be at least ten years old before their roes are of sufficient size to produce caviare of any high quality.

AN AUCTION: Merchants of the Ghazian district of the Caspian coast have gathered to bid for the surplus of a huge catch for which the state-owned fishery organisation had not enough storage space. Besides sturgeon, there were other species of fish on offer.

NAVAL HONOURS AT PORTSMOUTH FOR THE COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA: Earl Mountbatten and other high-ranking officers of the Royal Navy stand at the salute as the coffin, borne on the shoulders of chief petty officers, is carried onboard H.M.S. *Wakeful* for the committal at sea. To the left of Lord Mountbatten are members of his family; the Duke of Edinburgh; Princess Andrew of Greece (mother of the Duke and sister of Lord Mountbatten); and the Archbishop of Canterbury who conducted the service.

BURIAL AT SEA

The Naval Funeral off Portsmouth, of Countess Mountbatten of Burma

The burial at sea of Countess Mountbatten was in accordance with a wish expressed in her will. The body had been flown back to England from North Borneo where the Countess had died, and, after a brief stay at Broadlands, the Hampshire home of the Mountbattens, had rested in Romsey Abbey overnight before the funeral. On the next day, a service in the Abbey was conducted by the vicar and attended by a large congregation. Later, as the cortége began the journey to Portsmouth, hundreds of people lined the streets to pay their last respects. At Portsmouth, the family mourners were joined by the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Andrew of Greece, the First Sea Lord and the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, the last few yards to the jetty being lined by men and women of all three Services as well as by nurses and members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. The coffin was placed on the quarterdeck of H.M.S. *Wakeful* and the frigate, accompanied by the Indian frigate, *Trishul*, set sail for the committal 12 miles from the harbour.

THE COMMITTAL: *Left*—As the Archbishop, Dr. Fisher, conducts the short service, the coffin is cast from the ramp on the quarterdeck. The silence was broken by the whistle of the bosuns' pipes from the piping party in the background. *Right*—Earl Mountbatten, with cap in hand, stands at the rails at the end of the service after he and other mourners had cast their wreaths on the water. One of the wreaths was from the Queen and Prince Philip. Royal Marine buglers sounded Last Post and Reveille.

RESTORING A REMBRANDT

At Work on the National Gallery's "Portrait of a Man on Horseback"

REMOVING THE PROTECTIVE TISSUE: Mr. Howard gently tears away the covering. The largest Rembrandt in Britain, the painting is nearly 10 ft. high and 8 ft. wide and is the only formal equestrian portrait by the painter.

Rembrandt's most important equestrian portrait was acquired recently by the National Gallery from Lady Salmond with the help of an Exchequer grant of £128,000. It is probable that the value of the painting is about £500,000. When it reached the National Gallery, the work of restoration was taken in hand by the department under the Chief Restorer, Mr. A. W. Lucas. The old glue, by which the canvas was affixed to the canvas backing, had shrunk, causing the surface to buckle. The canvas was removed, the old glue scraped away, and the canvas affixed to a new lining. This was done using a resin glue and "ironing" the canvas on to the new backing. Since the wooden frame was a heavy, seasoned Victorian one in good condition, it was re-used.

After the protective tissue covering the paint had been removed, the work of cleaning the portrait was begun. An amount of discoloured yellowish-brown glaze, added subsequent to the painter's time, was removed. The cleaning process has revealed a number of exciting details, including a dyke with a boat in it. As the tone values of the paint have become cooler and fresher, so the sense of perspective has increased. It is hoped that the painting may be on view to the general public some time this month.

THE PROCESS OF RENOVATION: Mr. L. Howard, the Chief Craftsman of the restoration staff of the National Gallery, in London, removes the protective tissue from Rembrandt's *Portrait of a Man on Horseback*. This highly important work was recently acquired by the Gallery. During the processes of re-lining and re-stretching the canvas, the paint is protected by a tissue. This is removed to clean the paint.

AT WORK IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY: Mr. Howard re-stretches the canvas on the wooden frame after it has been re-lined (glueing it to a fresh backing). *Right*—More tissue is removed. Before it was cleaned, much of the detail of the picture was obscured.

ART TO-DAY

A Memorial to Queen Victoria; Sculptors and Painters in Britain; An Art Discovery

On left—

MENTON'S NEW MEMORIAL TO QUEEN VICTORIA: Lady Patricia Ramsay, a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, delivers a short address after unveiling a new sculpture commemorating her grandmother's frequent visits to the resort on the French Riviera. The memorial is the work of the Nice sculptor, Joseph Cazan. A statue of Queen Victoria, erected at Menton in 1939, was thrown into the sea by the German occupying forces during the last war. Lady Patricia is the youngest daughter of the Duke of Connaught, who was Queen Victoria's third son. On her marriage to Sir Alexander Ramsay she renounced the style and title of H.R.H. and Princess.

A REPRESENTATION OF ST. BENEDICT: In his studio in Maida Vale, in London, Arthur Fleischmann stands below a clay model of a group consisting of St. Benedict and two pupils. The work, which should be completed in about two months, was commissioned for the new Abbey school at Fort Augustus, in Scotland. Mr. Fleischmann has depicted a young St. Benedict, with his pupils dressed in the costume of the boys attending the Scottish Benedictine school. The sculptor is also working on a large Calvary group in mosaic, bronze and gold for the school chapel.

THE CROWDED SCENE IN A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO: Reg Butler uses a file to work on a statue of a female figure in his studio at Berkhamsted, in Hertfordshire. The room is filled with other works, completed or partly finished. Many of them will be on show in the exhibition of his works at the Hanover Gallery, in Mayfair, London, which will be held from June 7 to July 15. There will be about thirty pieces on show, bronze statues and drawings, all of them recent figure studies. It is reported that some of them represent an interesting development of the sculptor's work, which already has a high reputation both in Britain and on the Continent. Some of the works will be of figures in movement and in space. Reg Butler achieved great prominence when in 1953 he won the £4,500 prize offered by the Institute of Contemporary Arts for a representation of the "Unknown Political Prisoner." A monument consisting of the work is being erected in Germany and Reg Butler still has work to do on the "watchers," part of the monument.

On left—

A LEONARDO FIND? The painting "The Virgin and Child," long attributed to Verrocchio, loaned by the Sheffield Art Gallery for the Royal Academy's Winter Exhibition, may be in part the work of Leonardo da Vinci. The suggestion was first made by Dr. Alberto Martini, the Italian art historian and editor of *Arte Figurativa*. One opinion propounded is that the cartoon for the picture was the work of Verrocchio and that much of the painting was carried out by da Vinci, who as a youth was Verrocchio's apprentice. The architectural background and landscape might well have been the direct contribution of the young artist. There are few surviving examples of Leonardo's paintings.

THE SCULPTOR AT WORK: In his Berkhamsted studio, Reg Butler uses a wire brush as he works on one of the figure studies, which have formed the predominant part of his output in recent years.

DISCUSSING A FORTHCOMING ONE-MAN EXHIBITION IN LONDON: Sir Chandos Hoskyns-Abrahall suggests a possible mount for one of his pictures to Mr. Robert Sielle (centre), the picture-frame designer, and Mr. John Kevan, Mr. Sielle's chief assistant. Sir Chandos is holding an exhibition of his pictures at the Walker Galleries in May. Painted in gouache, they are of scenes in Nigeria and Spain. Sir Chandos lived and worked in Nigeria from 1921, when he was appointed an Administrative Officer, until he retired in 1952 as Lieutenant-Governor of the Western Region. His home is now near Hereford. For all his life his hobby has been painting, and his pictures have been shown in the Royal Institute and the Royal Society of British Artists' exhibitions. Since Sir Chandos retired, he has been painting scenes in Spain, where he recently spent a six-week painting holiday.

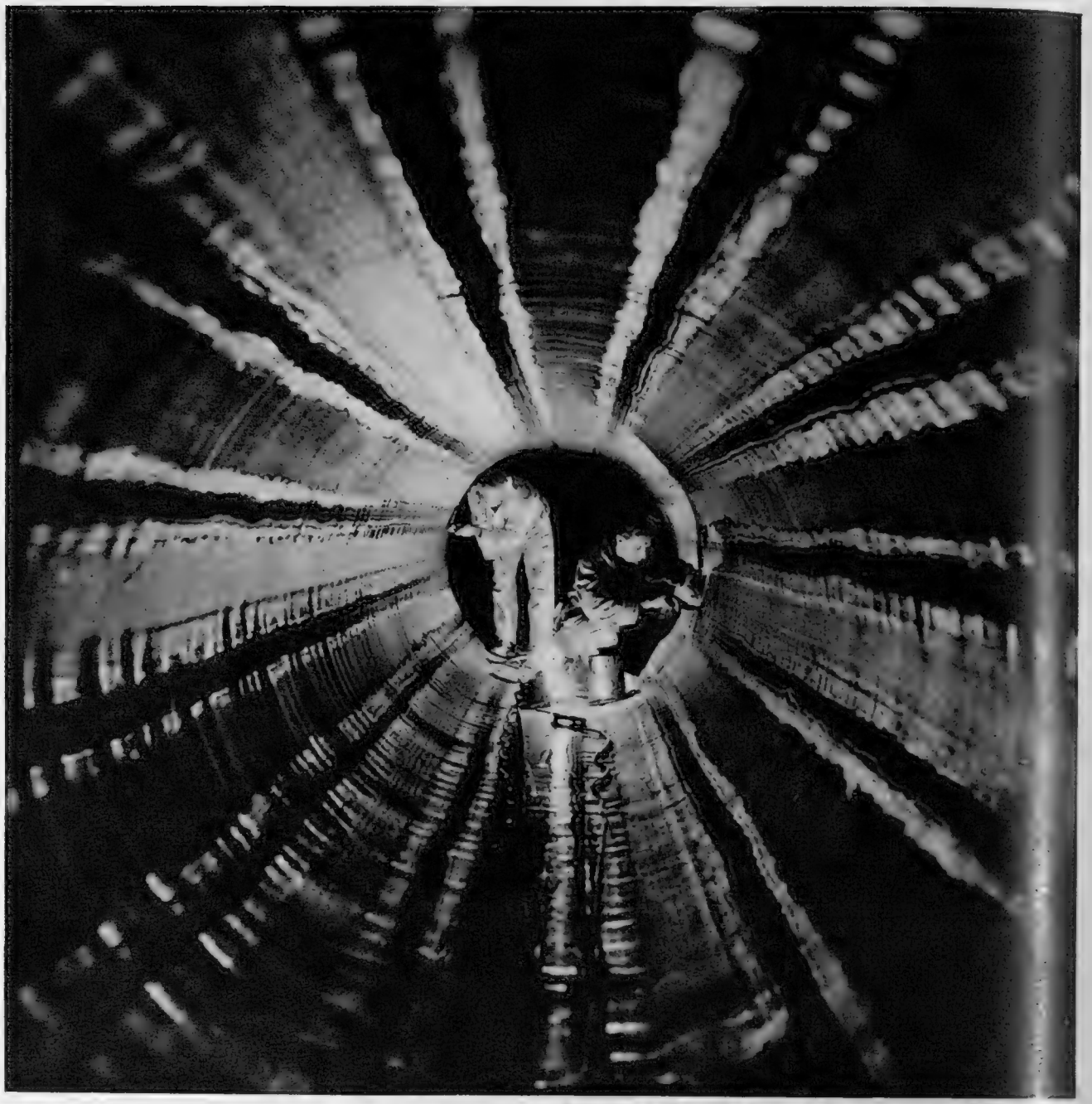
"SERPENTS" IN COMMERCE

Exploiting the Dracone, the Rubber and Nylon Floating Barge

About a year ago the dracone, a flexible rubber and nylon barge for carrying bulk liquids, made its first commercial journey. The trip was between the Esso Refinery at Fawley and Newport, Isle of Wight, and since then regular use has been made of dracones between these points. They are also being commercially used in Nigeria and in the Far East. Half-way through February a new company was formed, Dracone Operations Ltd., to exploit to the full the commercial potentialities of the development throughout the world.

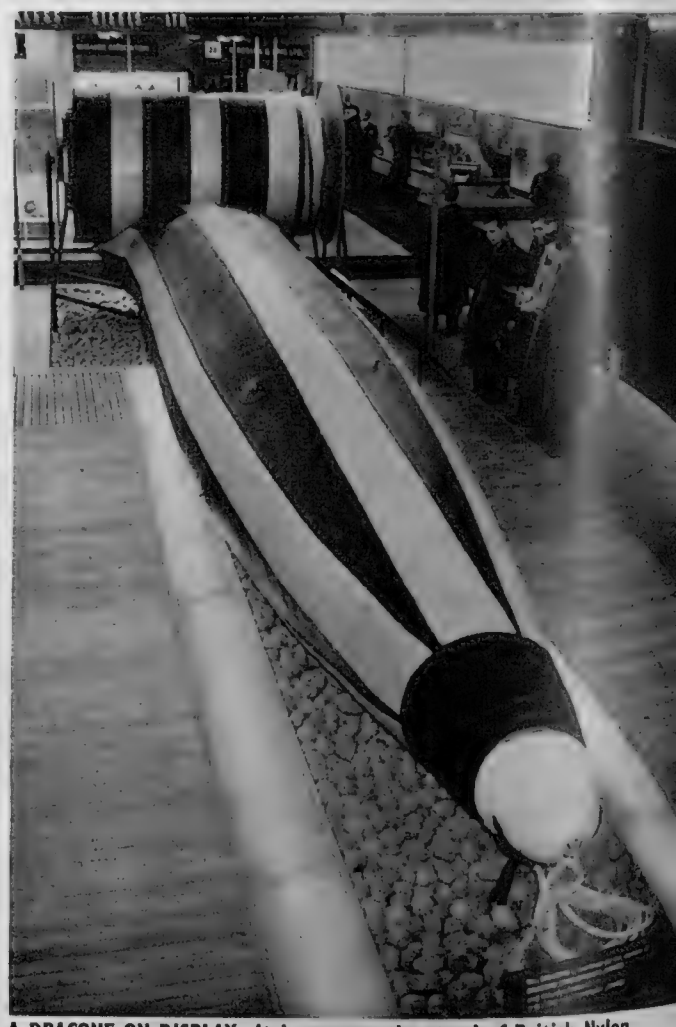
The idea of the dracone (the word means serpent) was conceived by three scientists of the Department of Engineering and the Cavendish Laboratory, at Cambridge. Development was carried out by the National Research and Development Corporation and after promising trials a company, called Dracone Developments Ltd., was formed to continue the work. The first operational dracone was manufactured by P. B. Cow and Co. Ltd. The inflatable barges are now also manufactured by the Frankenstein Beaufort Organisation.

The standard-sized dracone is 100 ft. long and 4 ft. 9 ins. in diameter. It can carry 10,000 gallons (35 tons) of oil. It has a maximum draught when floating of 3 ft. 7 ins. Its skin is tough and can withstand a large amount of buffeting by the sea, against rocks, piers and quaysides. On being emptied, the dracone is wound deflated round a spool for transport back to the point where it was loaded. It is easily carried and weighs only 23 cwt. empty. At present being developed are 200-ft.-long dracones with a capacity of 90,000 gallons of oil. It is planned to build even bigger sizes.



BUILDING A DRACONE: By the light of a powerful lamp workmen complete the seams inside the inflatable rubber and nylon barge. While they work the walls of the dracone are kept rigid by air pressure. The inside diameter is 4 ft. 9 ins., and the length 100 ft. It can carry 10,000 gallons of oil.

FOR CARRYING ALL KINDS OF LIQUIDS: The dracone almost fills the doorway of the workshop at Streatham where it is being manufactured. As well as carrying oil, the dracone can be used for the bulk transport of many other liquids, including drinking water. It is also suitable for moving granular solids such as grain.



A DRACONE ON DISPLAY: It is seen on the stand of British Nylon Spinners Ltd., at the first Engineering Materials and Design Exhibition which was held at Earls Court, in London, last week.

A TRADE WIND FOR SHIPPING

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom announced in the middle of last month that its index for January of tramp shipping freights (which is based on 1952) averaged 82·1 and its index of time charter rates stood at 62·1. The price that British shipowners were able to get for the services they sell on the open market, that is to say, was between 20 and 40 per cent. less than they received for them eight years ago. During the last couple of those years, certainly, British industry as a whole has avoided much inflation; nevertheless, the wholesale prices of all the goods we sell, in January, were of the order of 10 per cent. higher than in 1952, and to reach a price level 20-40 per cent. below that, one would have to go back to about 1948. If you consider buying what you need to-day—at to-day's prices—with the income you had in 1948, you may begin to appreciate some of the difficulties that have recently been besetting the British shipping industry.

Such a comparison, of course, is too starkly black and white. The tramp cargo ship, offered on the Baltic Exchange for charter on a single voyage or over a period, is only the least sophisticated of the wares that British shipowners have to sell; prices in this market fluctuate more sharply than those in the specialised trades that require particular types of ship, or than rates in the cargo and passenger liner trades that operate regular time-tabled services on particular routes around the world. Rates in those specialised markets have suffered much less from the depression that has beset the world shipping business since the Suez emergency, and as an industry, British shipping has managed to ride out this long spell of rough weather.

The circumstances of this adverse economic climate can be readily set out. War left the world short of commercially workable shipping, and the world trade grew faster than the fleets could be rebuilt; so shipowners the world around enjoyed a boom in demand for their services that lasted almost a decade. There were one or two periods in those ten years when demand slackened, and the new ships never ceased to arrive on the market; but these were more than balanced out by exceptional shortages of shipping tonnage, as during the Korean emergency and, finally, for tankers at least, during the Suez crisis.

That last peak in demand set in train an even larger wave of orders for new ships than had occurred in earlier post-war years; but it also marked the fact that by then the world shipping fleet available had just about caught up with the growth of world trade. Since the Suez emergency, as it happened, world trade has grown a good deal more slowly than before, and some of the more rapidly-growing elements of it, such as the trade of Western Europe, have been across land frontiers. And never has a larger tonnage of new shipping come down the slipways of the world's shipyards than during these years. The result is most simply expressed in the 5,900,000 tons of idle shipping laid up in harbours and inlets all round the world.

When general demand for shipping slackens, as we have seen, it is the least specialised and most freely trading ship, the tramp, that suffers most; similarly, it is the most freely trading shipping industries, such as those of Britain, Norway and Holland, which suffer most in world trade. For in most countries of the world, shipping is not merely a transport service and an export industry; it is an instrument of economic nationalism and of prestige. The less trade they have to carry, the more such nations are tempted to see that it is carried in their own ships.

The United States, unfortunately for her allies in the free world, has about the worst record in this particular kind of nationalism. It reserves all its coastal trade to American shipping, and moreover all trade between the United States and its own overseas territories in the Pacific, such as the Philippines. Moreover, at least 50 per cent. of any trade that can be regarded as "aid"—including all exports financed by its semi-Governmental Export-Import Bank—has to be carried in American ships. Roughly half the cost of any ship built by any American shipowner, again, is defrayed by the American Government, with special allowances for any special features that can be interpreted as increasing the vessel's usefulness for defence purposes, such as higher than normal speed. The American Government also gives operating subsidies to passenger and cargo liners travelling on "essential trade routes."

This pattern of subsidy and protection enables American shipping companies to operate a far larger fleet than they could hope to keep active in conditions of normal trading; many British and other shipowners would argue that without Government support American shipping could hardly stay in business at all. The high wages and standard of living of the American workman would be virtually impossible to match for sailors at sea without such protection. As it is, American owners to a very large extent "emigrate" for operational purposes, by sailing a large proportion of their ships under the "flags of convenience" of Panama, Liberia and other nations which are prepared to offer them relatively tax-free operating conditions.

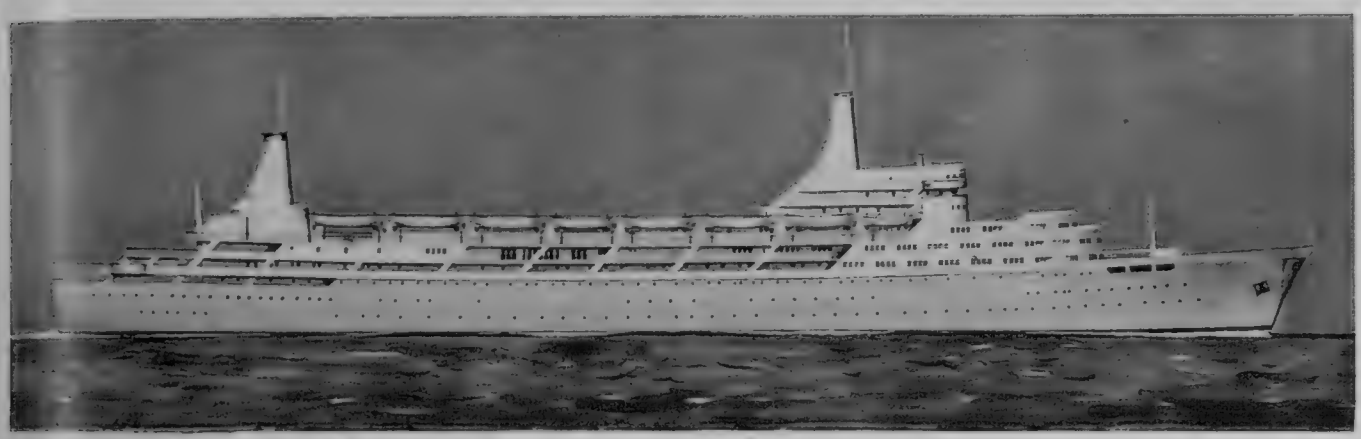
Even thus inflated, the shipping industry makes a negligible contribution to the American national income—in contrast to its importance to countries such as Britain. Shipping payments and receipts account for about a tenth of this country's overseas trading; even in 1958, a very bad year, shipping contributed about £135,000,000 to Britain's net "invisible income" from services rendered abroad (it had been £221,000,000 in 1952). The operating capital equipment of this industry—the country's merchant fleet—would cost, it was recently estimated by the Chamber of Shipping, about £3,000,000,000 to replace at to-day's prices.

Protective arrangements affecting the U.S. economy little if at all (though they put the price of ocean transport up for its businessmen) thus have a serious effect upon Britain, a nation to which a freely trading mercantile marine is a business asset of huge importance. Many other countries follow the bad American example: some fifty trade treaties involving restrictive shipping clauses have been negotiated between thirty-five countries in the past five years.

So far, Britain has shrunk from any similar protection or subsidies for its own shipping—though the proposed subsidy for the replacement of the Queen passenger liners will form one specialised exception. Its representative organisations, and the Ministry of Transport, have made repeated complaints to the Americans and other states giving this special protection to their shipping—almost entirely without avail. The countries to whom freedom of ocean trade really has much appeal are comparatively few in number. The appeal of having one's own national merchant fleet is infectious—recently it has affected such newly independent nations as Ceylon and the Sudan.

These restrictions on trade, obviously, cut deepest into the competitive shipowner's business when the general level of trade is lowest; and last year, fortunately, there were signs that this had passed its nadir. World trade is beginning to pick up slowly. Since then there has been some slight recovery in freight rates for dry cargo ships. The tanker business, which was more prosperous than the rest of the industry during most of the post-war boom, and has grown far more compared with before the war, is still in recession; the fleet is still being increased by the completion of new tankers far faster than the volume of seaborne oil trade is growing. But much of the tanker business is owned by the oil companies as an adjunct of their other operations. The dry cargo business, which is "the shipping industry proper," shows more signs of recovery: the tonnage laid up is quite steadily being reduced.

This industry has not been coming through its recession without a good deal of anxiety and criticism from outside. Political and Economic Planning, the non-party economic research organisation, last year criticised shipping companies for recruiting too few graduates, paying too little attention to research, and being too conservative towards certain new types of ship that other countries have begun to build. The evidence is none too clear here, though few shipowners would deny that there is room for improvement. Their own contention would be that the most massive problems besetting the British mercantile marine are external rather than internal; and that only more determined support from outside the industry for policies of cutting down foreign restrictions on world seaborne trade can create the right climate for shipowners themselves to pursue adventurous policies.



A NEW LINER FOR ROUND THE WORLD VOYAGING: The artist's impression is of the new Shaw Savill passenger liner which will work in conjunction with the *Southern Cross*. She was ordered last December and her maiden voyage is scheduled for 1962. The builders are Vickers-Armstrongs (Shipbuilders) Ltd., of Walker-on-Tyne. The new liner, which will have the same unusual lines as the *Southern Cross*, will carry 1,400 passengers in one class and no cargo.

SHIPBUILDING IN HOLLAND: The *Esso Amsterdam* slides down the slipway from the yard of Van der Giessen en Zonen at Krimpen. The launching took place on February 20. The vessel is a 36,000-ton tanker built to a standard design.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

FRANCE'S NEW OVERHEAD RAILWAY

France's first overhead railway was inaugurated at Châteauneuf-sur-Loire last week. The demonstration system, less than a mile long, was built under the direction of the Société Anonyme Française d'Etudes de Gestion et d'Entreprises by a consortium of French companies and interests. Among them was the Régie Nationale des Usines Renault, which was responsible for the design of the carriages' suspension system and the construction of the vehicles. The rail car is powered by two electric motors within each bogie and has a speed of more than 60 m.p.h. The cost of building a kilometre of the railway is about £1,000,000, whereas the cost of building the same length of underground railway is said to be at least five times that amount. Present at the opening last week was Mr. George Christopher, the Mayor of San Francisco, California. He is in Europe to study transport methods. Over the next few months it is intended to demonstrate the new French system in large cities in Europe and America. An overhead railway has been operating for fifty-nine years in Wuppertal, in the Ruhr.

AN AERIAL RAILWAY IN FRANCE: The carriage is suspended by two bogies each with four pneumatic-tyred wheels. Running on a line a kilometre long, the overhead railway was opened at Châteauneuf-sur-Loire, near Orléans, on Tuesday of last week. It is planned to demonstrate the system in cities with special transport problems.

On left—

INSIDE THE CARRIAGE: There is room for thirty-two seated and ninety-one standing passengers. The bodywork of the carriage is built of aluminium.

A FAST BOAT IMPORTED FROM AMERICA

The first Chris Craft Cavalier boat to enter this country since the relaxation of dollar import restrictions was imported recently by Arthur Bray Ltd., of Poole. The 23-ft. express cruiser is on the quay at Southampton, having been unloaded from the *Queen Mary*, which is in the background. The builders of the boat are the Chris Craft Corporation of Pompano Beach, Florida. It was delivered to the Arthur Bray's Glasgow concessionaires, Cameron and Campbell, to be shown at the Scottish Boat Show. The 35-m.p.h. boat costs £2,200.

AN ALUMINIUM ALLOY LAUNCH FOR AFRICAN SERVICE

A new launch, largely constructed in aluminium alloy, cuts through the water at speed on its trials off the Isle of Wight. It was built by Universal Shipyards (Solent) Ltd. for the Belgian Government and will be used on Lake Tanganyika. The overall length of the craft is 40 ft. with a beam of 11 ft. 6 ins., and a draught of 2 ft. 9 ins. Twin Perkins P.6 diesel engines give the boat a service speed of 12 knots and a maximum speed of 15 knots. The enclosed wheelhouse is aft of the saloon, which is fitted with settees that can be converted into sleeping berths. Aluminium was used in the construction because a wooden hull would be affected by marine borers and wet- and dry-rot in a tropical climate. Steel is too heavy, not only for speed and draught, but for the overland journey to Lake Tanganyika.

NEW HARBOUR FOR GRENADA

The new harbour works and pier at St. George's, Grenada, were completed recently by Holland and Hannen and Cubitts Ltd., replacing the deep-water pier destroyed by the disastrous Caribbean hurricane "Janet" in September of 1955. The end of the £500,000 project marks an important stage in the economic development of the island, which is still recovering from the effects of the hurricane. "Janet" almost completely destroyed the sugar, nutmeg and cocoa plantations and wrecked the only deep-water pier. This was a timber-piled structure at St. George's, 850 ft. long, connected to the mainland by a rubble causeway. A small jetty was built as a temporary measure, but the island had to depend in the main on lighters. The new wharf was designed by Coode and Partners, consulting engineers to the Crown Agents, and work started in September 1957. The structure occupies the same site as the old, but in addition an area of 3½ acres between the quays and the shore has been reclaimed. A large transit shed and a banana shed, both of steel, have been erected. The new wharf provides berths for two 5,000-ton ships and an additional berth for small inter-island vessels. The construction has utilised steel sheet piling, in a special steel with a copper content for resistance to corrosion. Over 60 ft. long, the piles have been driven to a depth of 25 ft. below the dredged sea bed.

On left—

COMETS FOR THE WORLD'S AIRLINES

At the de Havilland factory at Hatfield, workmen are busy on one of the Comet 4B's ordered by Olympic Airlines, the Greek company owned by Mr. Aristotle Onassis. The airliners are expected to be in service by the spring. They will be operated by Olympic Airlines in collaboration with B.E.A., based on Athens, and flown on routes to London and the Middle East. The cost of a Comet 4B is in the region of £1,000,000. A number of Comets are on order for various world airlines. All the nineteen Comets ordered by B.O.A.C. have now been delivered ahead of schedule. According to the B.O.A.C. engineering department the aircraft has been less trouble to keep serviceable than any other new type which the Corporation was the first to operate. B.O.A.C. Comets are now also plying on the South American route, reopened recently.

The World of Books

SURVIVING THE DANGER OF WAR

A Cockney's Narrow Escapes; A Courageous Polish Officer; Russian Society; Famous Figures of the 'Twenties; The Spanish Inquisition; Colin Wilson's Novel Heads this Week's Fiction

MR. BOB OLDFIELD has been described as a cheerful Cockney and, in a perverse way, I suppose that he has more to be cheerful about than most men you might meet in a lifetime. The thing about Bob Oldfield is that he has *more* lives than a cat. In fact, he would probably regard that proverbial nine as a beggarly allowance. He has narrowly escaped death in submarines, been sunk in H.M.S. *Saracen*, escaped from a P.O.W. camp, been sentenced by the Germans to be shot as a spy and been saved at the last moment by a chance meeting with Field-Marshal Kesselring, been tried by the Germans again for sabotage, again saved from the death sentence to survive imprisonment in a concentration camp, and has also survived being in ships which have respectively been rammed, blown up and set on fire. He has been in a London pub when it was blitzed, missed death, Heaven knows how, when a time bomb exploded at Haifa and remained to tell the story after a fight in Alexandria with a Negro doorman and four Arabs. And that is by no means all. Small wonder that Mr. Dennis Holman has called his biography of this extraordinary figure THE MAN THEY COULDN'T KILL (Heinemann. 16s.) and small wonder either, that it is more exciting to read than most fictional thrillers.

Major-General Stanislaw Sosabowski is a gallant Polish officer, a man of intransigent character and great courage, never slow to express himself and one who had, as General Sir Richard Gale expresses it in his foreword, very definite differences of opinion with those under whose command he was placed. Having escaped through France to England after a fine part in the defence of Warsaw he raised and trained the Polish Parachute Brigade, took part in the Arnhem landings and never forgot his burning desire to get back to Warsaw and help to free it. In this he was frustrated, a naturally bitter disappointment, and here he tells the story of his war career in FREELY I SERVED (William Kimber. 25s.). There will never be too many war books while stories like this one remain to be told.

Mr. Lionel Daiches, Scottish lawyer and student of international law, went to Russia a couple of years ago to find out what he could about the administration of Soviet justice and took with him a distinguished party of educationists and sociologists, all bent on a voyage of intellectual discovery. The most colourful member of the group was certainly the ebullient figure of the Rector of Edinburgh University, Mr. James Robertson Justice, and his personality was to have the greatest success with the Russians, as can be seen, incidentally, from at least one of the photographs. Mr. Daiches, by sheer persistence, did finally see some of the things he had hoped to study, visited Soviet law courts and even a prison, besides travelling widely through the country. In RUSSIANS AT LAW (Michael Joseph. 21s.) his observations on Russian society as he found it in universities or on collective farms, in homes and in legal circles, are lucidly expressed and with some humour and his book as a whole is both entertaining and extremely informative.

JOY RIDE (Gollancz. 21s.), though perhaps less profound, is very amusing. This is Mr. Dwight Taylor's collection of what amount to character sketches of some famous New York and London friends, the chapters loosely tied together with an autobiographical thread. He writes mainly of the '20's and has attempted a new assessment of the originally-minded, gay or tragic creatures who made that decade what it was. Mr. Taylor for a time worked on the *New Yorker* magazine till he decided that he and the fabulous Ross were not ideally suited to each other on the editorial level. He writes about Ross with affection, however, and about Elinor Wylie who thought nothing of proclaiming stanzas from *Prometheus Unbound* to a group of friends in a snowstorm; about Scott Fitzgerald, so immortally identified with that period; Somerset Maugham, who saved the author from being fleeced by shipboard cardplayers; Osbert Sitwell (one of the best chapters, this) and, amongst others, that enigmatic person, Lindbergh. If anything, the book is too short. It is certainly slight, but it does make good reading while it lasts.

Anyone who is an amateur of strong contrasts will appreciate the fact that the next book on my list is Miss Jean Plaidy's history of THE GROWTH OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION (Robert Hale. 16s.), a sequel to an earlier work of hers on the rise of the Inquisition. Such a subject can ineluctably be nothing but grim, but Miss Plaidy has not been in the least deterred by the sombreness of her theme. She writes with admirable detachment on Ximenes, whose victims numbered 3,000, 564 burnt at the stake and, with an unemotional and all the more effective coolness, about Torquemada. Both, though in another context, were forerunners of Nazi book-burners and McCarthy-ite probers and tormentors. The latent cruelty throughout this record is horrifying, as much in the reign of fear which existed through four centuries, as in the hideous practices which were the Inquisition's chosen means.

AN O.B.E. FOR STANLEY HOLLOWAY: The actor shows the insignia of the order as he leaves Buckingham Palace, having attended an investiture held by the Duke of Edinburgh. With him are his wife and his son. Stanley Holloway scored a great success in the role of Mr. Doolittle in *My Fair Lady*, which he played for three years.

RITUAL IN THE DARK (Gollancz. 18s.) is the first novel to be written by Mr. Colin Wilson and, as such, must be considered with a certain respect if only for the fact that he is venturing on such a strongly competitive field. In other words Mr. Wilson shows courage in having a crack at a medium in which he will be judged more readily and, in many ways, more knowledgeably than by a philosophical study, or declaration. The central figure in this novel is a young and intelligent writer, one who recognises, accepts and relishes the love of women, but in whom the flame of an inquiring spirit is never dowsed. He lives frugally of necessity but not, in a physical sense, sordidly. He experiments with passion, with friendship and with the day-to-day relationships which are such a great part of existence. As he writes, reads, listens to music, modestly entertains his acquaintances, he is never unaware of a contempor series of crimes which closely parallel the murders d by Jack the Ripper. In the end he knows that the murde is someone close to him and his intellectual curiosity the phenomenon is at odds with his perfectly real co passion. It is an extraordinary study and, almost throu out, a believable one. Whether the reader enjoys the o come will depend, as always, on individual reaction. So reactions will inevitably be strong. But the fact rema that this book is technically accomplished and very hon

Mr. Richard Cavendish has written a second live even sprightly novel about party-giving London youth a has drawn some wittily observed, and, by and large, mo conclusions from the actions and speech of his characte THE BALANCING ACT (Cassell. 15s.) deals with part obviously, and they are given or rather proliferate natura both in London and at houses in the country. What t produce in the way of chaotic relationships and brig utterly believable conversation is the measure of M Cavendish's knack for pinning butterflies, moths a grubs on to the static backing of his story. People consistent, even when they are unpredictable; young m and women are articulate and splendidly report and their actions continue to be as confused a apparently purposeless as if they were sheep in field. The result is exasperating, entertaining and, nothing else, the work of an agile mind and a quick e

The late Joyce Cary's *Romance* was the only sh story ever published by *Time* magazine and it included, with thirty-three others, in a collecti called, in accordance with his wishes, SPRIN SONG (Michael Joseph. 18s.). Some of these ta are brief to the point of sketchiness, some, a particularly two which are concerned with Afric life, are almost long enough to stand on their o as *novellas*. Each has the distinction of feeling a style which was so notable a part of this autho literary equipment. Unquestionably this is a volu that will be widely read simply on the author's g reputation, but it is worthy of more discriminat choice than that: a wonderful final flowering of brilliant talent which made him the writer unassailable eminence that he was.

PURSUIT OF THE PRODIGAL (Gollancz. 1 is by the American writer, Mr. Louis Auchincl whose name carries echoes of New England exc siveness and whose work is, in fact, of a warmly servant, witty and humane nature. The setting h is once again that *stratum* of American socie moneyed, leisured and reasonably cultured, which author knows so well and, knowing, describes a commentates with such exquisite subtlety. To say tha book is beautifully written, as this one is, may imply certain preciousness of manner. That would be a m mistaken conclusion. Mr. Auchincloss is a professio writer in the best and most laudatory sense of the te and, in my view, that is the highest praise. I think you enjoy this novel of his as much as I have.

The next two volumes come respectively from Fra and from the Philippines. THE STUFF OF YOU (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.) was M. François Mauria second novel, published about forty-six years ago a earning at that time, just before the First World War, kind of commendations which presage a really gre future for a writer. The theme is the awakening you of a boy reared in the seclusion of Catholic and provinci

IN THE CAUCASUS

A British Climbing Expedition to These Russian Mountains

Forty or fifty years ago adventuring among the Caucasian peaks was quite a popular holiday pastime, so much so that Karl Baedeker wrote special notes in his Russian edition of 1914 for travellers who leave the beaten track in this region, advocating the purchase at Odessa or Vladikavkaz of rugs, a lantern, an air-cushion, rubber overshoes, and an alarm clock. Since the Revolution the Caucasus has been a playground only for the Russian and Georgian people, and it was with some surprise, after five years of striving, that in 1958 Sir John Hunt got permission from the Soviet Government to take a party out to try the challenging peaks that lie between the Caspian and the Black Sea. In THE RED SNOWS (Hutchinson. 25s.) Sir John and Christopher Brasher tell the story of this remarkable journey amid peaks which are higher than the Alps, but, not on the scale of the Himalaya.

The authors admit that they saw only the tiniest fragment of the complex and cosmopolitan Russian nation, and that their own perspective was a distinctly specialised one. They did, however, enter into close personal relations with Russian mountaineers, and there were moments when they all depended upon each other for their lives. This is a delightful book, factual for the most part, always fair-minded, and well calculated to cement friendships between nations that are beginning to understand one another.

The contention that the air defence of Great Britain in 1940 saved the country from disaster by the smallest possible margin is no less true than that the sea defence of Britain in 1914-18 saved us from the Kaiser's troops. Command of the narrow waters of the English Channel was, in all major threats, the key to our salvation. With two of the historic defences of Britain Air Vice-Marshal Peter Wykeham deals in his remarkable account of o air defence from 1914 to 1960. FIGHTER COMMAN (Putnam. 30s.) spans a whole era of defence. The guide missile now demands new theories of war, so that t description of the tactics and strategy behind forty-s years of air combat is complete in itself, and constitut an important military document. The fact that most the men charged with great decisions in this cruci period are, or were, known personally to the autho gives the book an added interest and colour. The autho was a well-known fighter pilot of the last war and is no concerned in the R.A.F.'s role in Army support. H brings out very clearly what will always remain as cause for pride and wonderment, the astounding develop ment of Fighter Command from the darkest days 1940 to the full burgeoning of its power in 1944.

Taking the line that people would rather read abou the great and the near great than about others who ma in their time have been no less vividly alive than thos who have achieved recognition, Max Eastman, essayis poet, and journalist, has written his recollections of dozen eminent men and women whom he has encountered Charlie Chaplin, Trotsky, Edna St. Vincent Millay Bertrand Russell, and Ernest Hemingway are among th colourful characters of these critical memoirs whic Mr. Eastman entitles GREAT COMPANIONS (Museu Press. 21s.). Affection for his subjects is the keynote

TRAGIC HISTORY

Critical generalisations on insufficient evidence are always to be deplored. Recently on another page recorded my first reaction to some serialised excerpts from FULL CIRCLE, by Sir Anthony Eden (Cassell. 21s.). I expressed some shocked surprise that very recent political events of great importance sometimes seem to arouse our keen interest. If there be all the difference between an autobiography and a political lament or apologia, Sir Anthony's story is a relation of a personal tragedy (a fine career cut short), and, as such, it cannot but win our keenest interest in a human document. As to his use of secret official documents, there are two things to say: if any man should be allowed access, an author responsible for drafting many of them surely one; with this reservation, the privilege must be accorded with political impartiality, and there is a good case for a time-limit before it is accorded. But, more important, once the privilege is granted, it must be impartially used, if the whole truth is the author's defective. Sir Anthony used the privilege selectively for his brief. There exist as many vital documents that contradict his brief.

In many respects he is remarkably fair and frank, notably in his admission of his own uncertainty that the Suez adventure had run its planned course, the completed plan would have softened America's opposition. To Eisenhower he is fair. His bitterness towards Dulles and Nasser, no art and no discipline could conceal. Twice at least in his book, Sir Anthony uses the term, expressed or implied, "resigned from ill-health" euphemistically. In one case resignation was brought about because the Minister's colleagues were no longer willing to serve with him; in the other, because the resigning Minister abhorred his leader's designed policy. Even now, we are not quite sure of the pros and the cons of the affair which caused his tragedy. Macmillan and Lloyd were with him, but not all the service chiefs principally to be involved. Among his colleagues in the cabinet, Lord Monckton, at any rate, was believed to be against him.

John Gore

(*Continued from previous page*)

nce. It is beautifully treated, with a sensitivity and shness which are memorable and the translation by . Gerard Hopkins is, as one might expect, faultless.

THE DEVIL FLOWER (Secker and Warburg. 15s.), Emigdio Alvarez Enriquez, has some of the simplicity a classic folk tale and, like so many folk tales, has a nd of intrinsic ruthlessness, too. The background is a mote, small coastal town in the Philippine islands d the action has a directness that is none the less far om the obvious. This is a small tragedy without tterness and a love story without banality.

Finally, a little piece of froth which is part dventure story, part thriller, wholly readable in an consequential kind of way. Some years ago, twenty thirty, Mr. Anthony Kimmins wrote *While Parents leep*, which was a very amusing play. Since then e has written others, including a recent success, and as directed many films. His new novel, LUGS 'LEARY (Heinemann. 15s.), is an exercise in the of the light-hearted detective story, is set in Australia d has some of the glow of the southern sun about it.

Vernon Fane

e book, but this is a highly opinionated set of impres-ons stemming from acute observation. They are always ar-cut, and bear witness to his own originality of mind.

THE JET LIGHTHOUSE (Museum Press. 25s.) is e work of Galbraith Welch who has compiled in most adable form the history of that small and remarkable untry Liberia—the only nation in all of Africa's 000,000 square miles which has never been under the mination of a European colonial power. Miss Welch kes the story from Liberia's early beginning as a tional home for freed American slaves, through her g struggle to her present-day position.

J. F. Deniau has written a lucid and compact history THE COMMON MARKET (Barrie and Rockliff. s.). He gives a detailed exposition of the Treaty, its ucture and purpose, and his chapters on the movement merchandise within the new structure show the extent which Europe can look forward to much more balanced d equal communities.

Among the reprints in the Illustrated Junior Library THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON (Macdonald. 6d.), that old favourite by Johann Wyss. Others the series published at the same time are Stevenson's *easure Island* and *Kidnapped*; *Black Beauty*, by Anna well; *King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table*, ted by Sidney Lanier; and *Heidi*, by Johanna Spyri.

AUTOGUIDE TO SPAIN (Allen and Unwin. 32s.) new addition to the Baedeker series of touring guides. s full of sound advice for the motorist, presented in a ost detailed and helpful way. But travellers should tch out for the famous scenic coastal route in north-st Majorca. Baedeker's have apparently anticipated completion. The maps are first class and the routes ough towns are particularly distinct.

R. C. E.

"CRY, GOD FOR HARRY, ENGLAND, AND ST. GEORGE": At the Mermaid Theatre, in Blackfriars, London, King Henry (William Peacock) exhorts his soldiers before the walls of Harfleur, in the modern dress production of Shakespeare's *Henry V*. The uniforms and the weapons which are used are twentieth-century, dating from both world wars.

"POOR MISERABLE WRETCHES": Henry (William Peacock) condemns to death the traitors, the Earl of Cambridge (left), played by Michael Ritterman, and Lord Scroop played by Philip Grout. Both of them are begging for mercy.

HENRY V IN BATTLEDRESS

The latest play to be seen at the Mermaid Theatre, in Blackfriars, is Shakespeare's *Henry V* in a modern-dress production. What was one of the first essays in resounding patriotism on the English stage has been translated to an indeterminate period in the twentieth century. The weapons used by the soldiers in the famous scenes before the walls of Harfleur and at Agincourt are those of the world wars—revolvers and machine-guns. There have been many cuts in the text to reduce the playing time considerably and in places Shakespeare's words have been altered. Part of the introductory chorus setting the scene in the "wooden O" runs in this production as follows:

Think when we talk of armour that you see tanks
Printing their steel tracks in the receiving earth.

Produced by Julius Gellner, *Henry V in Battledress* has William Peacock in the role of King Henry.

KING HENRY WITH THE FRENCH: *Left*—He smiles at Katharine, the daughter of the King of France, played by Suzanne Fuller. *Right*—The English King listens to Mountjoy, the French Herald, played by Anton Diffring. *Henry V*, which opened last week, is produced by Julius Gellner. Slides, films and sound effects are used in the battle scenes.

AN OUTSTANDING BRITISH CAR

The Triumph Herald—A Car for the Connoisseur; Road Fund Licences; Castrol House; Swiss Export Challenge; News of Motor Sport; Analysis of Breakdowns; Coping with London's Traffic

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

I SHOULD imagine that the average buyer of the Triumph Herald is not mad about speed. It has a small engine of less than 1,000 c.c. and was never intended for entry in the Traffic Light Derby. With its Michelotti styling, its air of sophistication, its advanced mechanical specification (including independent rear springing and an unbelievably tiny turning circle), ease of maintenance and delightful four-speed gear-box, the Herald is aimed more at the discriminating connoisseur with a limited purse than at the speed merchant. Be this as it may, it is now possible to buy the saloon with a twin-carburettor engine as installed in the more lively coupé. It costs £738, including tax, compared with £703 for the single-carburettor model and £731 for the coupé.

Like the coupé, the twin-carb. saloon develops 50.5 b.h.p. at 6,000, r.p.m., compared with 38.5 at 4,500 in the standard saloon. You can get nearly 80 miles an hour, and the quiet, willing little engine takes the saloon up to 50 miles an hour in less than 17 seconds. At a constant 50 miles an hour it does better than 38 miles on a gallon of petrol.

I regard the Herald as one of the outstanding British cars of the present day. It is my view that it will be in production for a very long time; and that we may expect to get a number of interesting variations on the saloon and coupé themes. The new Standard-Triumph assembly hall at Canley, Coventry, is rapidly taking shape. When it comes into use later this year it will be an important step towards the production target of 300,000 vehicles a year planned by Mr. Alick Dick, the managing director, when he worked out details of his firm's expansion scheme in Lancashire.

From October 1 this year it will be possible to take out a car licence—the one you stick on your windscreen and still nostalgically called a Road Fund licence by many motorists—at any time. It will be dated from the first day of the month in which it is issued and you can decide whether it shall run for four, eight or twelve months (except for vehicles on which the duty is £3 a year or less, as in the case of motor-cycles). If you take out a licence for one of the shorter periods you will have to pay a little extra—10 per cent. to be precise. This is the rule followed to-day with quarterly licences. This change in the system of issuing car licences is very necessary now there are 8,500,000 motor vehicles in use in Britain. It will spread the load throughout the year and make things easier for taxation officials and the men and women who work in post offices.

Castrol House, the fine new headquarters of C. C. Wakefield and Co. Ltd., in London's Marylebone Road, was opened recently by the Minister of Transport, Mr. Ernest Marples. It can be regarded as a handsome memorial to the late Viscount Wakefield of Hythe, the remarkable man who started the company in 1899 and marketed Castrol (a corruption of the words "castor oil," though Castrol is now a mineral oil) in 1909. Not everyone, I suppose, will like the modern architecture of the new Wakefield building, but I personally admire the design and, incidentally, greatly enjoyed the view over London afforded by the topmost of its many storeys.

The name Castrol has been associated with motoring and flying from their pioneer days. Charles Cheers Wakefield spent much of his own personal fortune in the encouragement of both forms of transport, and that of motor-boating. His name will always be associated with many of the record-breaking feats on land, sea and in the air which did most to inspire the pioneers and make possible the leading part played by Britain in the development of cars, aircraft and high-speed water craft.

In a few days' time the Geneva Motor Show will open its doors. Britain's leading car manufacturers can be expected to exert a special effort to stem the decline in the popularity of their products in this most open of all car markets. If the British motor industry's future prospects in Europe had to be measured by their achievements in Switzerland last year the outlook would be indeed sombre.

TO BE INTRODUCED ON THE AMERICAN MARKET: The Triumph Herald Coupé has attractive, individual lines. The saloon model of the car is now available with the twin-carburettor engine of the coupé, as well as the standard single-carburettor power unit. It was announced last week that the Triumph Herald is to be sold in the United States and will make its first public appearance there at the New York Motor Show on April 16. It is hoped to sell 20,000 Heralds in the U.S. this year.

In the first nine months of 1959 Britain's car sales in the Swiss market fell still further to 4,600, which was only 8¼ per cent. of a total of 55,000 car imports. Best-selling British car in these first three-quarters was the Vauxhall (1,200 units), followed by Ford (1,100), Austin (540) and Morris (170).

Germany claimed more than half the total sales of imported cars, including 11,500 Volkswagens and 7,700 Opels. France—Britain's other big competitor in the export field—also did well in Switzerland last year, with a 40 per cent. rise, thanks largely to the popularity of the rear-engined Dauphine, during the period under review. According to the grapevine, two of Britain's Big Five car firms will have some news for motorists at Geneva. It concerns a convertible version of a popular family saloon and a "face lift" and other improvements for one of Britain's cheapest estate cars.

With racing cars under test providing appropriate background music, an interesting little ceremony took place one sunny morning recently at the Goodwood, Sussex, motor-racing circuit. Mr. C. M. Vignoles, managing director of Shell-Mex and B.P., formally opened a well-equipped pavilion which his company had presented to the Guild of Motoring Writers for use as their Goodwood headquarters. It stands on land given to the Guild for the purpose by their president, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, owner of the Goodwood track, who paid tribute to Shell-Mex and B.P. for all they have done to foster motor sport.

We have to wait a long time—until May 29—for the next round in the 1960 motor racing championship for drivers. That is the date of the Monaco Grand Prix, which, if they are ready in time, will give the new rear-engined B.R.M. and the new U.S.-built Scarab (Lance Reventlow's project) their first big tests. It should be an exciting year for Grand Prix racing, with the rivalry of Britain's Cooper and Italy's Ferrari providing the main interest. What a pity it is that neither Germany nor France has a Formula One racing car. Germany, however, *will* have the Porsche when the Formula changes from 2½ to 1½ litres next year. The sport would be in a sorry mess without Britain's Cooper, Vanwall, B.R.M., Aston Martin and Lotus, and Britain's top drivers—Moss, Brabham, Brooks, McLaren, Salvadori, Hill, Allison, and others.

The Grand Prix of the Argentine at Buenos Aires on February 7 was won in a factory Cooper-Climax by Bruce McLaren, the twenty-two-year-old New Zealander, who has thus won the last two major Grand Prix events, the other being the U.S. Grand Prix at Sebring at the end of last season. With one event decided in this year's championship McLaren leads with 8 points, followed by Cliff Allison, Menditeguy, von Trips and Ireland. Cooper leads in the manufacturers' championship, which it won last year. In the world sports-car championship, which is for cars and not drivers, Ferrari leads from Porsche and Maserati, American Phil Hill and Briton Cliff Allison having won the 1,000-kilometres Buenos Aires race on January 31 in a 3-litre, V-12 Ferrari at 99.24 m.p.h. This is the only sports-car championship event so far contested. The next will be the 12-hour race at Sebring on March 26.

Electrical faults accounted for 29 per cent. of all the 50,000 car breakdowns dealt with in 1959 by the R.A.C.'s "Get You Home" service. The second most serious cause of trouble was the fuel system; apart altogether from cases of fuel shortage, it produced 14 per cent. of the breakdowns. Next in order of nuisance value were punctures (8 per cent.); broken axle half-shafts (nearly 7 per cent.); clutch trouble (over 6 per cent.); and cooling system (nearly 6 per cent.). But, let 's face it, by no means all the breakdowns were caused by mechanical trouble. Look at these figures: accidents, 548; no petrol, 1,639; lost keys and locked doors, 489; ditched, 481; frost and snow, 64; various other causes, 318.

There have lately been two important developments concerning traffic in the London area. Motorists generally will welcome both the opening of the Kingston Bypass underpass at its junction with the Leatherhead-Kingston road and the appointment of Dr. George Charlesworth, of the Road Research Laboratory, to take charge of Mr. Marples' new London Traffic Management Unit. The Kingston Bypass flyunder has cost £400,000 and is the first of its kind in the London area. Next summer it will prevent serious congestion at what was one of Britain's most crowded roundabouts, and where at peak holiday periods several police officers had to be on traffic control duty simultaneously. The slopes of the new underpass will be kept clear of snow and ice by electric heating elements, buried under the asphalt and thermostatically controlled.

The new Traffic Management Unit has been given a big job: to work out, in consultation with local authorities and the police, plans for securing maximum use of London's streets as traffic arteries by the application of modern traffic engineering techniques.

THE DEMAND FOR THE NEW "BABIES" IN FRANCE: Austin Sevens are lined up on the tarmac at Lydd Airport, in Kent, awaiting shipment by Silver City Airways to Le Touquet. In the background four of the cars are being loaded on to a Bristol Superfreighter. The special air shipments began on February 17 and about a hundred Austin Sevens are being sent across to France in this way. The Bristol Superfreighter is able to carry four of the mini-cars at one crossing.

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A HOME ON A RAILWAY PLATFORM: Savernake High Level Station, on the Wiltshire estate of Lord Cardigan, has been sold by British Railways to Lord Cardigan by private agreement. Lord Cardigan's son, Viscount Savernake, who lives in London, has planned to convert the station into a country cottage. *Right*—The signal box will be turned into a summerhouse and a playroom for Lord Savernake's children.

COTTAGE ON A HIGH LEVEL

Converting a Railway Station on Lord Cardigan's Estate in Wiltshire

Savernake High Level station will become a country cottage. The booking office will be the kitchen, the platform a terrace. The front hall and larder will be in the porters' room on the Down platform and the master bedroom in the ladies' waiting room. A summer house and playroom will be made out of the signal box, which once passed twenty trains a day.

Savernake High Level, which stands on a short loop line in Wiltshire, to the north-east of Savernake Low Level, a busy station on the main West Country route from Paddington, was sold to Lord Savernake's father, on whose estate the station was built in 1898. Because it was on a private estate, British Railways were obliged to keep it open, although it was never busy. It has been closed for economy reasons. The tracks are being removed. Lord Savernake hopes to be able to move into his new cottage by midsummer, after the estate workmen have carried out the conversion.

PEREGRINE FALCON v. PIGEON

The Editor of "The Racing Pigeon" writes:

DEAR SIR,

I trust you will allow me space to contradict some of the mis-statements of Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald and to present a less prejudiced view of what pigeon-fanciers are hoping to do; and also to give you the latest news of the situation.

It is particularly damaging to the sport when he says that birds were released at Rennes and Dol under bad conditions, and states that these were only two of such occasions. This is a serious mis-statement of fact and reflects most unfairly on the convoyers. Birds travelling to races are normally accompanied by convoyers who obtain special forecasts from the Meteorological Office, and use their many years of experience and ability to see that the races are flown under the best possible conditions. Birds are *never* released in bad weather; they are *never* released when bad weather is forecast. All men and forecasts are fallible, and therefore some races do turn out worse than expected, but this is a very different matter from saying that birds were released in bad weather.

Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald claims to have visited a good many lofts. It seems strange therefore that he should suggest that pigeon racing is cruel because pigeons are made to race against their will. This is quite preposterous, as a pigeon, once in the air, is free to go where it pleases, and as Old Bill might have said, "if it knew of a better 'ole it would go to it."

One other point must be mentioned, and that is the figure of 100,000. This was never more than estimated, and, of course, could never be proved by visual observation. More pigeons than this are lost every year; many are killed by telephone wires and electric pylons, for example. Like any estimate, it is open to question and is no more than an expression of opinion. What is indisputable is that as many as fifty metal rings have been found in one peregrine eyrie. There is a minimum of some 650 of these. Even making allowances for those peregrines that do not fancy pigeons and also for the many captured pigeons that are not brought back to the nest, this makes a substantial total.

These figures, together with lists of metal rings actually found in eyries formed part of the petition which was sent to the Home Secretary, and, happily for pigeon-fanciers, the views there are less prejudiced. The Nature Conservancy is going to undertake a survey of peregrine falcons and report to the Home Secretary on whether the status should be changed. The full co-operation of British pigeon-fanciers is being given, for they feel certain that this organisation, when it has got accurate facts in its possession, will realise that something must be done.

Mr. Vesey-Fitzgerald misrepresents the pigeon fanciers' case. They are not opposed to conservation of the peregrine falcon. They merely ask that some limit be put on their numbers and the places that they terrorise, and they ask for the simple right to protect their own birds while they are actually being attacked by peregrines.

(sgd.) W. H. Osman.

Comment by Mr. BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD:

I can see nothing whatever in the first part of my article to which anybody could take exception.

The first paragraph merely says that the pigeon-fanciers are trying (or going to try) to get the status of the peregrine falcon under the Protection of Birds Act changed: and then goes on to outline the status of the bird as it is at present. The next five paragraphs deal with the peregrine falcon, with its natural history and habits. I do not come to the question of peregrine falcon versus racing pigeon until the top of the third and last column. It is the last five paragraphs of my article which are devoted to this subject.

It is, in fact, not the first part of my article to which Mr. Osman takes exception, but the last.

Now, with reference to Mr. Osman's letter:

I cannot, of course, agree that I have taken a prejudiced view of the matter. I think that I have made it plain that I agree with a good deal of what the pigeon-fanciers say: that the peregrine falcon is not a rare bird, that its numbers have increased in recent years, and that the pigeon is undoubtedly its favourite food.

It is true that I question the figure of 100,000. I call it guesswork. But Mr. Osman himself admits that it was never more than an estimate and could never be proved by visual observation. In other words, it is guesswork.

Mr. Osman says that many more than 100,000 pigeons are lost every year. I say that I think it very likely that more than 100,000 are lost every year and that I would not boggle at a higher figure. I do not think that I can possibly be called prejudiced in this matter.

Indeed, reading his letter and my article again, I think that Mr. Osman really makes only two serious charges of mis-statement against me.

The first is that I suggest that pigeon racing is cruel because pigeons are made to race against their will. This can be dismissed at once. I do nothing of the sort. What I say is that *they* (and it is clear from the context that I am referring to those who may be anti-falconry, if there are any) "might even become anti-pigeon-fancier, maintaining that it is cruel to make a pigeon race against its will, thus exposing it to attack from peregrines!" The wording is clear enough anyway—"might even"—but to make it absolutely clear that I am not seriously suggesting anything of the sort I put an exclamation mark at the end of the sentence.

But the second charge is valid and I plead guilty. This is that I say that the birds were released at Rennes and Dol under bad conditions.

I know perfectly well that everything that Mr. Osman says about the precautions taken before racing pigeons are released is true. I have known it for years and I knew it when I wrote this article.

I am quite sure that the birds were not released for these two races (and are not released for any race) in bad conditions.

What I had in mind was that conditions during these two races were bad. I was intent upon pointing out that conditions during a race can cause casualties as well as the activities of peregrines.

The sentence was perhaps carelessly worded. I should have noticed it when reading the article through, and I apologise for not doing so.

But I did not intend to cast any reflection upon the convoyers. Nothing was further from my mind. And I apologise sincerely to Mr. Osman and the convoyers for this unfortunate slip.

(sgd.) Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald.

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The cruiser SUPERB is the tenth to bear one of the Navy's favourite names. Among the most famous was the third SUPERB, built at Deptford in 1760. She served with distinction throughout the Indian wars in actions with romantic names like Sadras, Providien and Cuddalore. The artist recaptures here a typical scene as she lies off Fort St. George, Madras, taking in stores and water after her action at Trincomalee. She and her sister ships are wearing blue ensigns at the stern, this being a squadron under the command of a Vice-Admiral of the Blue.